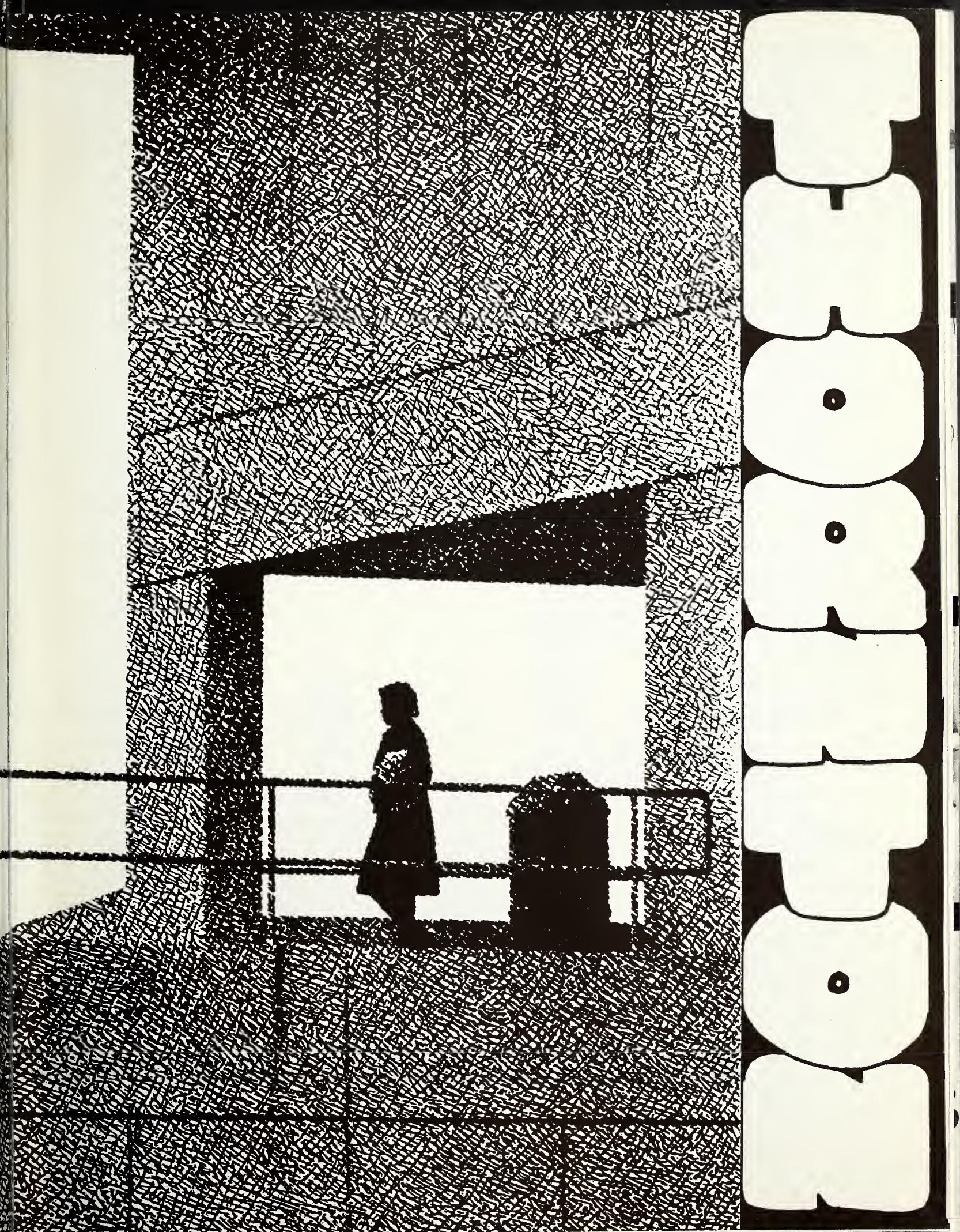
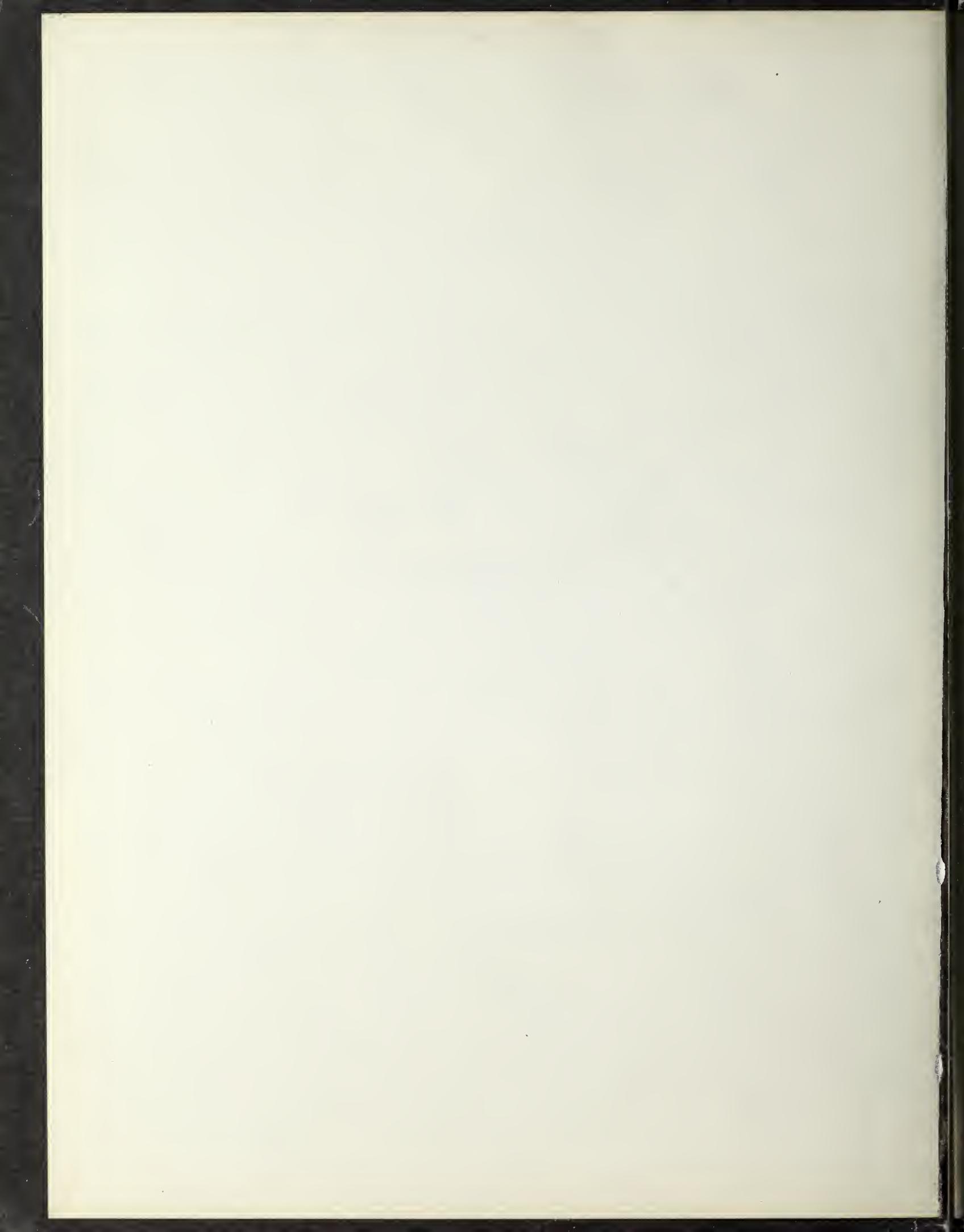


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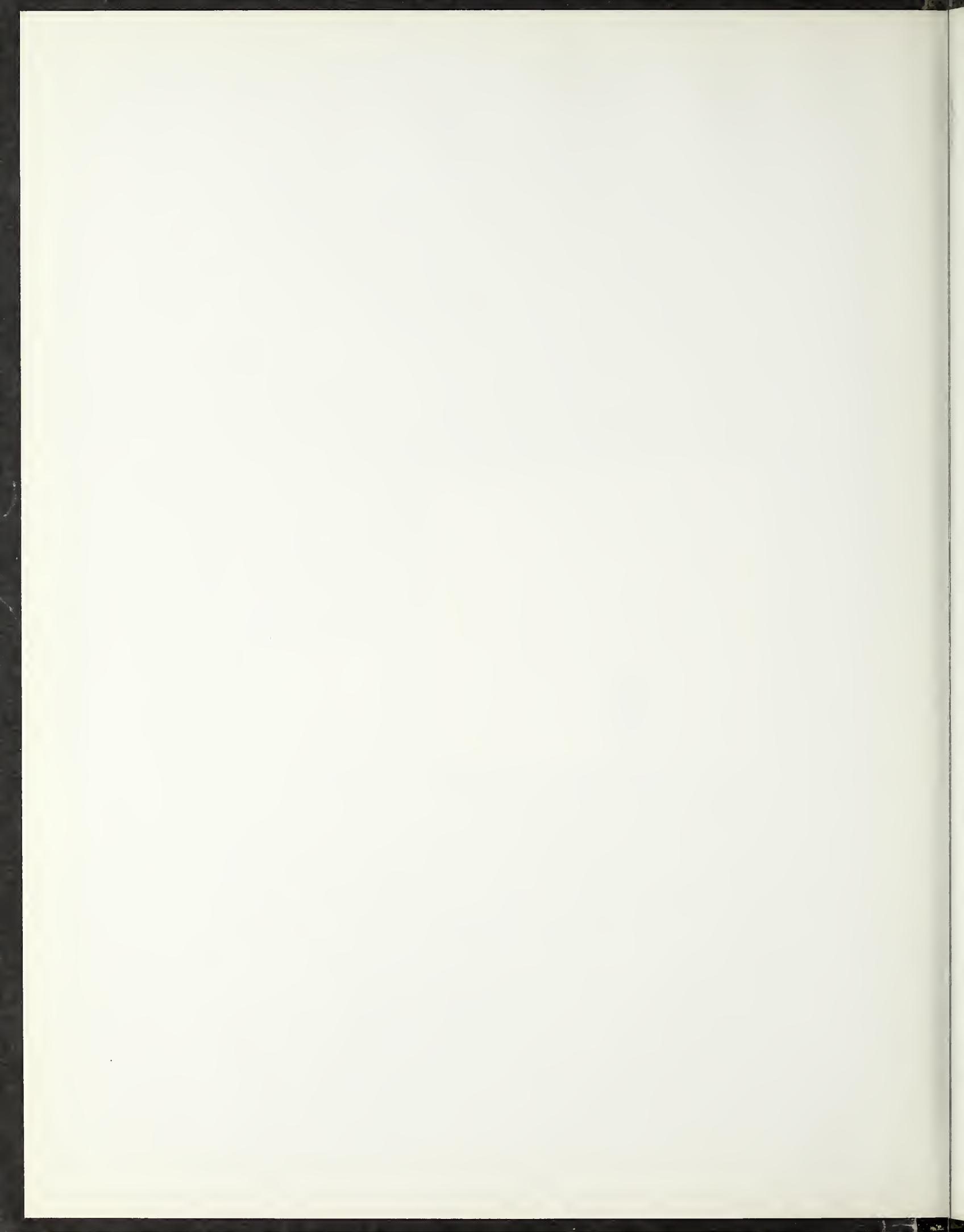
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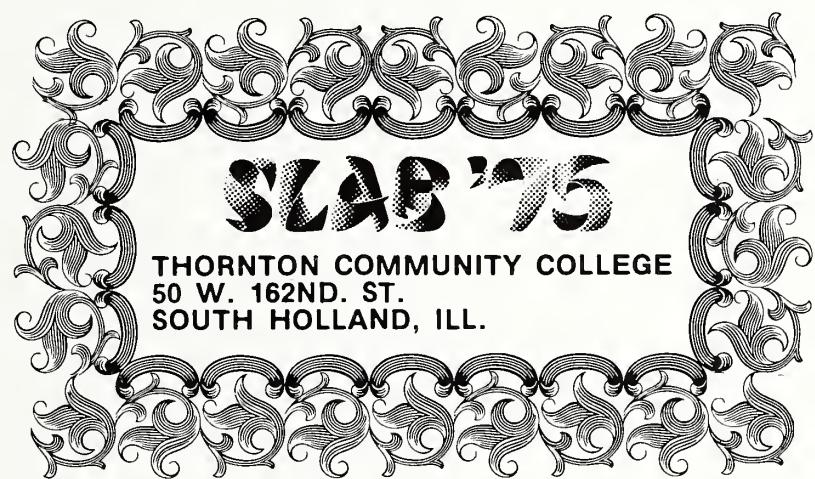












Foreword

In time, the students will move on, the faculty will retire, new editions of textbooks will replace old. But the building, the stone center, will never pass. It is a concrete symbol of what many here are striving to achieve—a permanent position in our community. It has been built from single slabs of concrete to form one central building. From it will grow one campus, slab by slab, day by day.

With this in mind, the editors have chosen a name that expresses the size and strength of the building. SLAB is the creative arts yearbook of Thornton Community College. In time, SLAB will come to mean just that—an expression of visual and literary art.

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Those Poor Souls

My army walked a corridor,
We walked in single file.
Its distance we thought endless,
We hastened, mile by mile.

Built long and narrow, dark as death,
Its walls were grey and battered.
The ceiling dropped from time to time,
Like dreams that had been shattered.

Onward, onward, for days we marched,
or was it months. . . or years?
Tunnel's end: our destination,
A triumph o'er our fears.

Our tired eyes and anxious souls
Reacted with dismay.
The tunnel forked to right and left;
Each man would choose his way.





I was amongst the very few
Who chose the right-ward trail.
And as we progressed further on,
I sensed we could not fail.

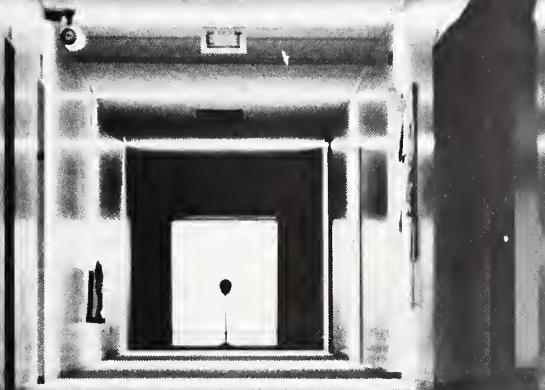
We looked, we stopped, we saw it then,
A distant, radiant glow!
We ran towards the spark of hope,
The truth was ours to know.



With joy, we reached the portals of
The dreams of every soul.
We stood in sheer amazement that
We'd finally reached our goal.



The beauty of this land we'd found
Was something to behold;
Exceeding every mortal mind's
Description ever told.



Although I'm very happy here,
A question rides my mind.
What happened to the left-ward troops-
And what... God!... did they find?

Anonymous

ON SLAB



Lectures and Workshops

What do European wines, Hawaii, and education have in common? They are all topics of interest covered in the Faculty Lecture Series.

Started last year by Greuling Schellhorn, a TCC instructor, the lectures have grown into an entertaining series for students and members of the community.

Dr. Robert Jack, Ron Farquhar, and William Tabel organized this year's series of presentations. The talks, held in the Lower Level Library in room U222, were free to the public.

The fall series included "Antiques: Identifying Your Precious Treasures" by Francis Beck, "Photography is Fun: Say it with Pictures" by Ed Dotson, and William Tabel's "American Wines and Their European Counterparts".

William Curran's "Beautiful Hawaii" and Dr. Nathan Ivey's "The Uses of Education" started the spring series. Also included were "Black Literature: A Historical Review" by Mrs. Ernestine Robinson, "Suitable Hobbies for All Ages" by Richard Bishop, and Mrs. Dale Bauman's "Successful Occupational Training for Mentally Handicapped".

A number of guest speakers were featured at the college including Jory Graham, Chicago **Sun-Times** columnist, and candidates for the 10th district senatorial race, Jack E. Walker and Robert Lane.



TOP: Sun-Times columnist Jory Graham visited TCC to lecture on things to do in Chicago.

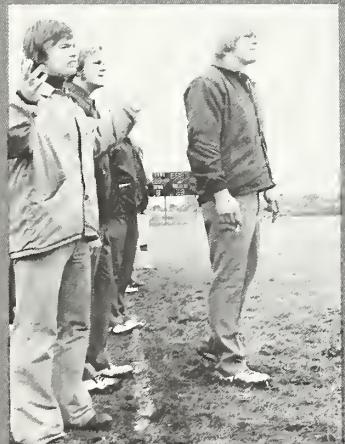
BELOW: William Tabel encored last year's popular lecture on American wines with a repeat performance this year. The audience response was even more favorable than last year.



TOP: Ron Powers, author of the best-selling novel, "The Last Catholic in America", hosted a creative writing workshop this spring.

BOTTOM: Dr. J. Albert Kindig directed TCC voices at the chorale workshop.



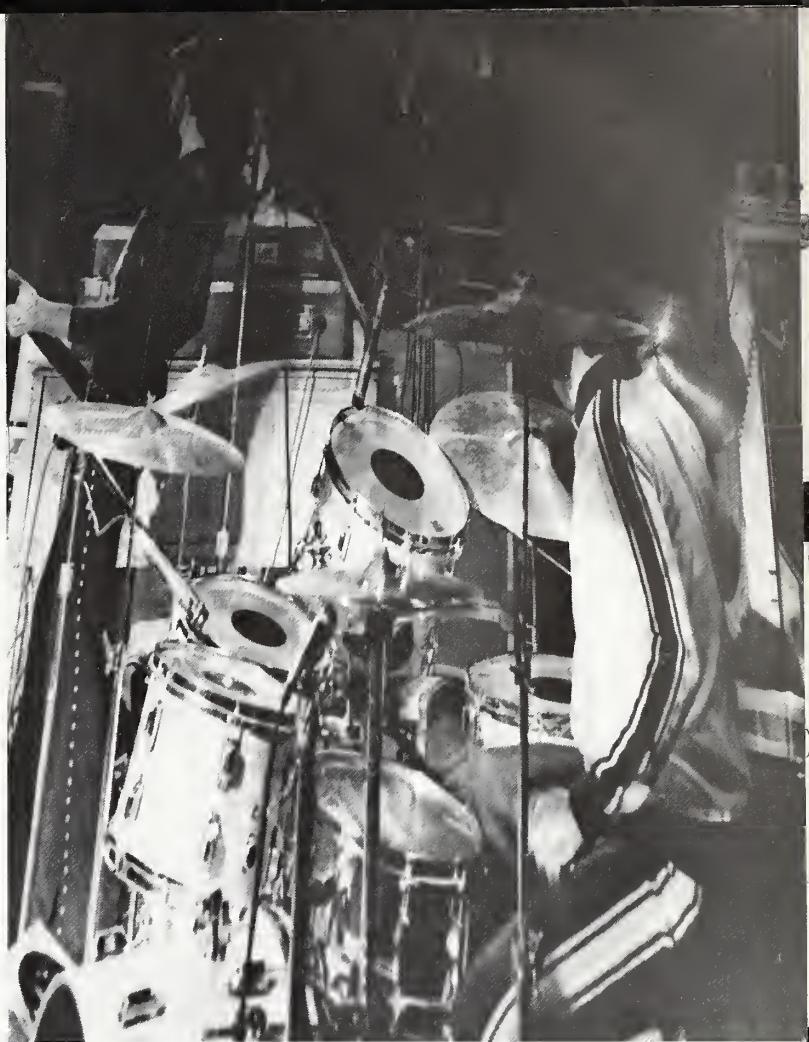


Homecoming

A revival hit Thornton Community College on Friday, November 1st, 1974. It wasn't religious, but it did have to do with spirit. The Bulldogs, backed by an enthusiastic crowd, sparked the action by defeating the College of Du Page Chaparrels 34-12.

Earlier, a caravan of floats paraded around the interim campus. The cheerleader's entry earned first place, second went to Delta Omega, and the Pom Pom girls received third.

Due to sparse attendance at past Homecoming dances the Student Activity Committee sponsored a rock concert on Saturday, November 2nd. Styx, featuring their hit song "Lady", and the Weapons of Peace provided lively entertainment in the Thornton High School Auditorium.



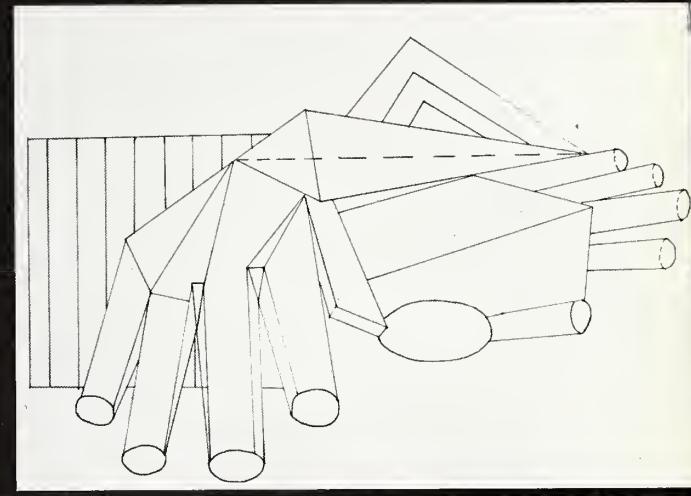


Gallery

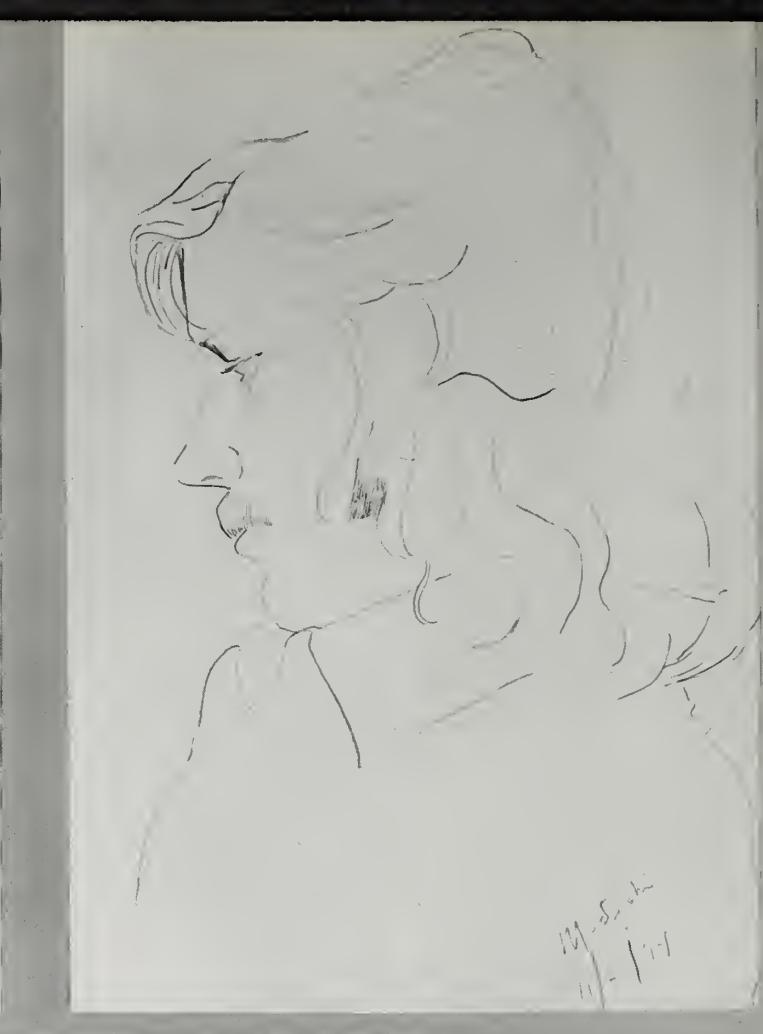
The Art Gallery has come a long way in the last few years. Originally located in Building 19 on the interim campus, it was confined to a rather limited area known as the Hallway Gallery.

Creativity and expression are no longer limited, however, since the gallery moved to its new headquarters in the Main campus, room 4210. Joe Rejholec, director and art instructor, stated that TCC's visiting art gallery is rare, for only one other junior college in the state has one. It is also an "effort of everybody in the art faculty."

The works of artists Jim Pink, Mike Brown, and Thomas McMahon have been on display this year. Donald Reick, a former TCC student, also held an exhibition. For the Bicentennial celebration in 1976, Rejholec hopes to obtain some of the state art collection in Springfield for the gallery.



Marianne Chew





Rob Aulworm





In Concert

The "sounds of TCC" encompassed a lot of everything in 1975. Everything from hard rock to Hadyn and from Chicago to Elizabethan madrigals. "Styx" brought a piece of the rock to students at the Homecoming Concert on November 2nd with a sell-out performance.

The Thornton Choral Union, composed of the Concert Choir and the Evening Chorale, performed the works of such masters as Mendelssohn and Beethoven with the Chicago Chamber Orchestra on April 19th. Composed of singers representing 22 communities, the Evening Chorale also journeyed to St. Louis. They performed at the National Convention of American Choral Directors on March 8th at the St. Louis Chase-Park Plaza Hotel.

A sample of Olde English feasting and merriment was revived at Christmas by the Madrigals. Bedecked in period costumes, the 17-member group sang ethnic carols in the redecorated Lower Level Library, dubbed Thornton Castle.

Dimpna Clarin, a TCC music instructor also made her debut at Carnegie Hall during the semester break, and the Jazz and Concert bands, under the direction of Don Kramer, performed at a Pop Concert on March 2nd in Building 21. Featured were selections by **Chicago** and a Portrait of Ellington.

ABOVE: Chicago Chamber Orchestra conductor Dieter Kober directs a special concert, in conjunction with the Evening Chorale.

CENTER: Bob Paswinski escorts Kathy Boyle through Thornton Castle at this year's recreation of the Madrigal Feast.

BETWEEN: It was an active year for the Chorale Union, highlighted by an appearance at the National Convention of American Choral Directors. Dr. J. Albert Kindig directs the vocal groups here.





ABOVE: Kristine (Liz Shrode), Tornald (Kevin McQuade), and Nora (Carmella Bracio), recreate a scene from Henrik Ibsen's play, "A Doll's House", in the Drama Society's fall production.

RIGHT: Ruth and Charles (Doris Lindquist and Glenn Schuermann) enjoy a lighter moment during Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit", produced by the community drama group, Theatre 21. Theatre 21 also staged productions of "The Secret Affairs of Mildred Wild" and "Goodbye Charlie".

Drama

The glitter and excitement of the theatre has been instilled in two drama organizations at TCC. Theatre 21, a community based group, and the Drama Society of TCC, composed of both day and evening students, channeled their enthusiasm into the creative works of such artists as Noel Coward and Henrik Ibsen, among others.

Creative efforts at Theatre 21 included "The Secret Affairs of Mildred Wild", performed August 16th and 17th, "Goodbuy Charlie", November 1st and 2nd, and "Blithe Spirit", February 14th, 15th, and 16th. In "Mildred Wild", the group used an innovative semi-in-the-round theatre.

"A Doll's House", the fall production of the Drama Society, was for "Women's liberationists and everyone interested in women's liberation," according to Smith Brand, director and TCC instructor. "Status Quo Vadis", performed on March 21st, 22nd, and 23rd, was the group's spring play.



T.C.C.
DRAMA
SOCIETY

SHOWBILL

HENRIK IBSEN'S

A
BY
DOLL'S HOUSE

T.C.C.
Drama
Society

SHOWBILL

D. DRIVER

STATUS
QUO
VADIS

THE COURIER

DECEMBER 6, 1974

Cast of "Doll's House" cleans up



Special Services

At TCC, "Community is our middle name," and the host of special services provided by the college proved to be an integral part of the community. Proper supervision for young children, once a major obstacle for parents trying to attend college classes, has been overcome by the baby-sitting center located in Building 3 on the interim campus. Children between the ages of 2 and 5 can be left with the service for almost five hours at a time, under the supervision of Cindy Seaman. TCC sponsors a variety of credit and special interest classes at the college and surrounding area high schools, as well. To help students succeed academically, the college also offers free tutoring services for students in all subject areas.

Adults who haven't completed high school can take General Education Development review courses in English, Social Studies, Natural Sciences and Math to help prepare for the High School Equivalency Certificate.

ABOVE: When the grind of part-time jobs, extra-curricular activities, and living at home begins to take a toll on students' schoolwork, they can turn to the free tutoring center located in the Lower Level Library. Tutoring by proficient students is available in nearly all subjects.

RIGHT: Whether aiming towards certification as a welder or just interested in the skill of welding, this student is taking advantage of a variety of credit and special interest courses offered at TCC and the area high school evening divisions.







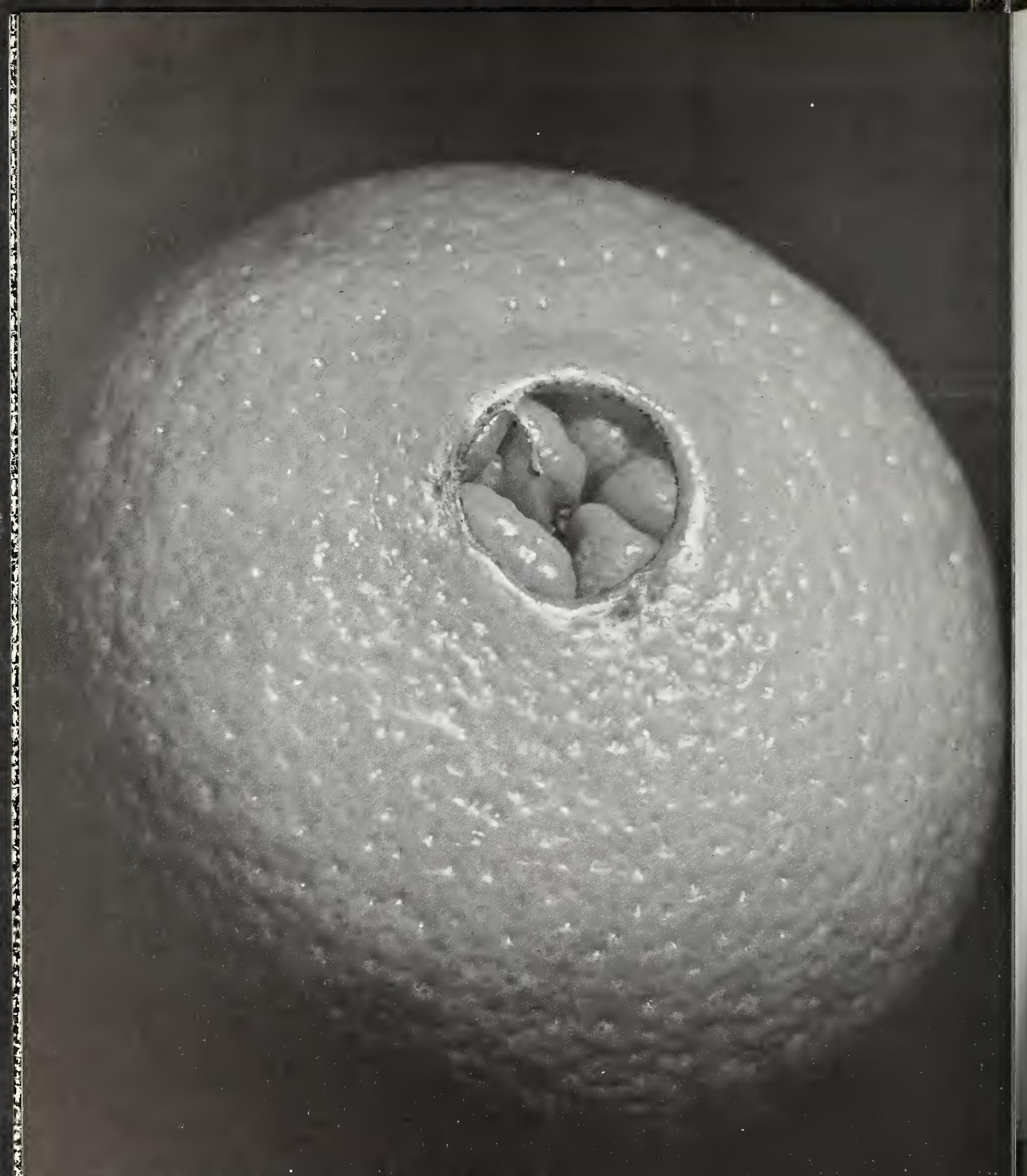
Urban Studies

Scenes of Africa. . .Project Nutrition. . .prison reform at Attica. . .just a few of the problems and projects covered by Urban Studies activities. Clinton Scott, a TCC student, spent the summer in Africa and held a slide presentation on liberation efforts in Angola and Mozambique. Dave Johnson, sponsor for the activities, and four students traveled to Philadelphia to visit the Association of the Study of Afro-American Life and History, the oldest organization in the country concerned with the study of Black American history.

"To see Black Nationalism in practice," stated Johnson, was the purpose of a field trip to the Nation of Islam and the home of Elijah Mohammed. Johnson and nine students attended the African Association for Black Studies Conference in Cleveland from Feb. 26th to March 1st. Johnson served as moderator for the Political Theory workshop.

A number of TCC students, through the Urban Studies Department, assist with Harvey's Project Nutrition, which gives aid to the old and dependent children. The problems and discontent of inmates at Attica were revealed in a film presentation on Friday, March 7th titled "Attica".

Clinton Scott pinpoints the area where he spent his summer in Africa. Scott held a slide presentation for the Urban Studies department, focusing on the liberation efforts in Angola and Mozambique.



The next five pages are the work of staff photographer Scott D. Munro, who's photos appear throughout this book. He's come as close to capturing the essence of fine photography as any student we've seen. The following five compositions focus on simple subjects, interpreted in unique Munro fashion.



CROSSING

CROSSING

2
TRACKS

ROAD





JOCKS



"With increased interest from neighboring high school coaches and the completion of the gymnasium, TCC should reach a highpoint in athletics" states Athletic Director, Pete Schloss.

"As far as management from coaches from the outside, it has been much better than anticipated. Also, we're trying to get women's athletics on the level of men's athletics." Schloss cites the expanded facilities, increased enrollment, and better recruiting programs as major reasons to hope for substantial growth in the nine sports currently offered—football, cross country, golf, basketball, wrestling, baseball, track, tennis, and volleyball.

"...a lot of desire, that's what pulled us through . . ."



Coach Mike Lariccia pays some attention to the aggravated knee of Bob Griffith.

Football 1974 Record

		Bulldogs	
Joliet	28	6	*
Morton	6	16	*
Wright	41	17	*
III. Valley	12	13	*
Harper	14	16	
Rock Valley	31	0	*
Kankakee	0	9	
DuPage	13	34	*
Triton	26	14	

*conference game

Football

Under the watchful eye of coaches Mike Zikas, Mike Lariccia, Ed Maher, Paul Wagner, and Ralph Compare, Thornton's gridiron squad made amends for a disappointing 1973 with a 5-4 record this year.

The revamped coaching staff was credited with a job well done, considering this year's staff had only seven returning lettermen. Bolstering the team were the captains, Ken Soderlund, Steve Lucas, and frosh quarterback, Brian Pearson.

Defensive line coach Lariccia summed up the accomplishments: "These guys had a lot of desire, that's what pulled us through the wins." Included in those wins was a 16-14 upset over Harper, ranked twentieth in nation. Zikas and staff now have a good nucleus to build on next fall.





Once again at the bottom of the impending pile-up, Steve Lucas (66) makes a desperate lunge at a Joliet Wolf. Dennis Lockery (50) is on the way to offer Lucas assistance. The Wolves proved too much for the Bulldogs, beating them 28-6 in the season opener.



There is no way these particular Bulldogs are going to allow any yardage gained in this play. Mike Jacobs (70) puts on the finishing touches, with Steve Lucas (66).



THE 1974 BULLDOGS

Bottom, left to right: Dan Zakula, Lloyd Burchett, Ken Soderlund, Steve Lucas, John Hinko, Wayne Oklepik, Bill Browning. Second Row: Mike Jacobs, Ken Pavsec, Greg Zarris, Bob Macklin, Dennis Lockery, Steve Zalesko, Rod Salata, Tom Adamskl, Rich Jansma. Third row: Bill Roth, Ron Lighty, Bob Griffith, Ray Nolan, Jim Jarden, Brian Pearson. Fourth row: John Merrill, Bruce Rambo, Geoff Covington, Paul Miles, Al Vrcek, Paul Adamskl.

"If you want to get anywhere, you've got to win. . ."

Under that coaching philosophy, Ed Bonczyk and the TCC golf team came away with a 4-3 record, and some fine individual performances.

"Golf may be considered a team sport," commented Bonczyk, "but still one guy gets all the laurels" N4C medalist Tim Devine proved that point. He finished the season with an 80.4 average with a 74 as his best effort. Overall, the linksmen captured a first in the N4C tournament and second in the league, while finishing sixth in the sectional competition. Attending the Joliet Invitational, they ranked ninth and topped the year by finishing twelfth in the state.

In Bonczyk's two years as golf coach, great improvement has been made, with next year on the upswing again.

Golf Team Record

Rock Valley	346	TCC	330
DuPage	327		350
Illinois Valley	357		340
Joliet	326		341
Kankakee	330		336
Morton	340		333
Triton	401		350



Left to right: Tim Devine, Alan Gbur, Ted Jankowski, Gene Cresto, Dave Carlson.



"...the most dedicated guys I've ever met. . ."



Wrestling

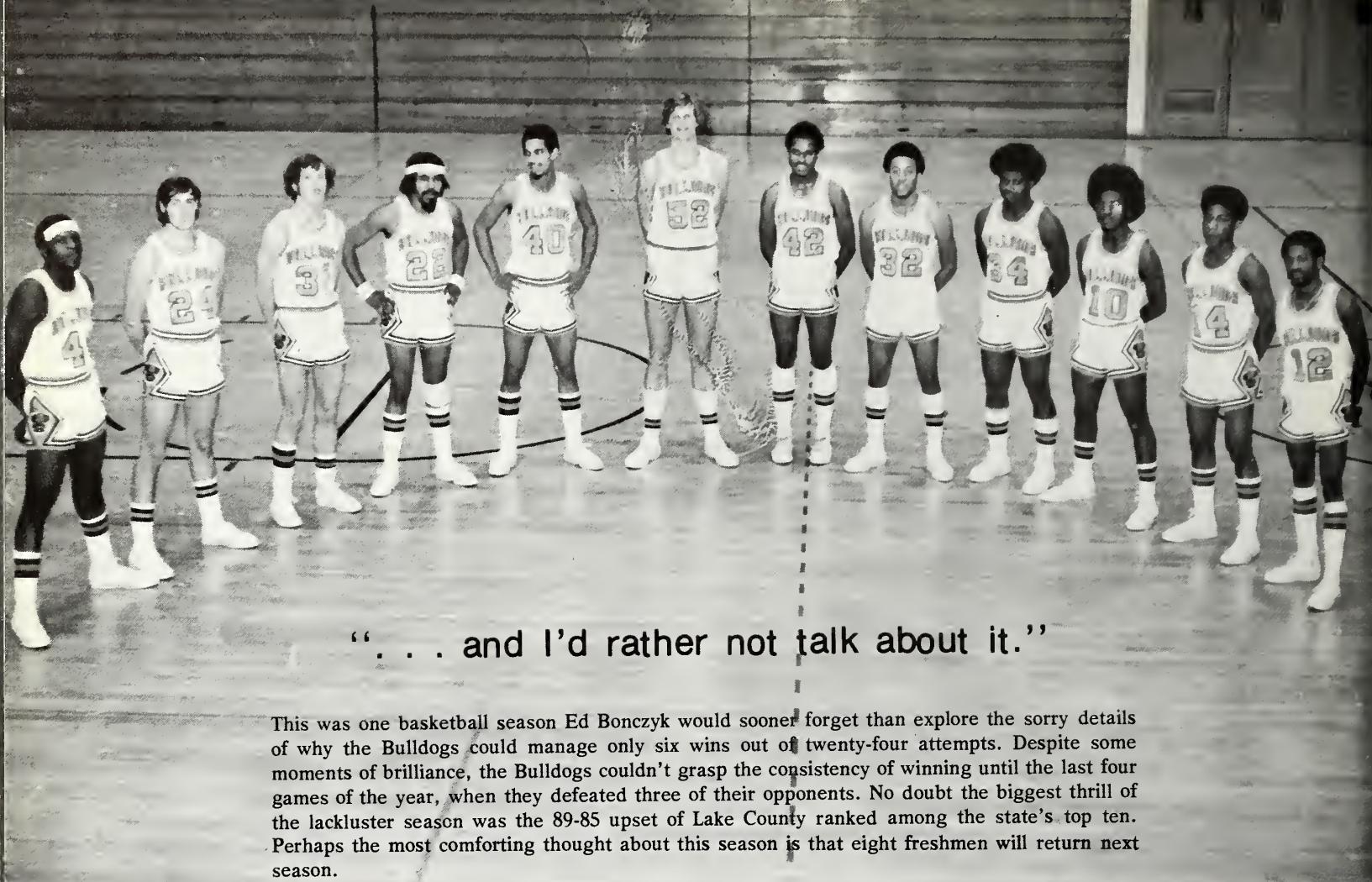
The wrestling mats of TCC were rolled out once again. Coach Mike Lariccia can't say too much about the team's record, but he does admit that Ken Soderlund and Mike Armstrong are "the most dedicated guys I've ever met." These two wrestlers were the only ones to stick out the four months as injuries forced the other four out early in the season.

With only two wrestlers, forfeiting many of the dual meets was inevitable. All the other teams entered as many as ten men. Individually, however, Soderlund and Armstrong sported respectable records of 8-9 and 12-6. In league competition, TCC finished third, while in the Region 4 (statewide) tournament, the two wrestlers captured 9th place out of 16 other colleges.

"I've got to hit the recruiting trail—mostly the high schools. We've got enough wrestlers in this district. We've just got to get them out," claims Lariccia. "I'm confident that next year we'll have a full squad, at least 25. If not, it'll be my fault."

Wrestling Box Scores

Wright	45	TCC	24
Sauk Valley	39		33
Harper	17		11
Joliet	30		6
University of Illinois	39		0
Waubansee	28		0
Sauk Valley	18		15
DuPage	48		21
Lake County	15		12
Lake County	12		9
Florissant Valley	48		15



"... and I'd rather not talk about it."

This was one basketball season Ed Bonczyk would sooner forget than explore the sorry details of why the Bulldogs could manage only six wins out of twenty-four attempts. Despite some moments of brilliance, the Bulldogs couldn't grasp the consistency of winning until the last four games of the year, when they defeated three of their opponents. No doubt the biggest thrill of the lackluster season was the 89-85 upset of Lake County ranked among the state's top ten. Perhaps the most comforting thought about this season is that eight freshmen will return next season.

THE 1974-75 BULLDOGS

Left to right: Julius Patterson, John Merrill, Greg Rigoni, John Bowles, Keith Williams, Craig Johnson, Kevin Blair, Christopher Polk, Lloyd Burchett, Ceola Clark, Mike Pitman, Edgar Bolden.

Nearly seven feet worth of Craig Johnson drives toward the basket in this N4C match with Rock Valley College at Thornton gymnasium.



"... What can we say?"

What can be said about the 1975 baseball team? Nothing. As we go to press the Bulldogs have yet to play a scheduled ballgame. So here they are, on the threshold of a state championship, holding their own with a .500 record (0-0): the 1975 baseball Bulldogs!



BASEBALL

Left to right: Mike Johns, Paul Kukla, John Merrill, Dave Walegora, Bob Kauffmann, Ron Slatka, Robin Enzelmo, Chuck Weir. Second Row: Bill Bryzinski; head coach, Dan Purpura, Bruce Bramblett, Jim Klien, Lloyd Burchett, Jim Buechler, B.J. Cornwall, Dave Toth, Rich Rippy. Third Row: Dave Nargis, Mike Kowaje, Dave Werenga, Chris Conrad, Mike Winslow, Neil Van Milligan, Don Winters, Russ Moreland; coach.

"They're doing this because they want to. . .for fun."



"Intramurals has existed off and on for a long time. It's changed in that we offer a lot more coed than before," points out Jim Hellrung, Director of Intramurals. Tennis, bowling, table tennis, volleyball and softball are offered as coed sports, while touch football, cross country, wrestling, and basketball have remained all-male competition. "We want to add badminton and racquetball. They are common activities in intramural programs across the country. I'd like to try to develop interest in other areas of the student body. . .in the girls."

Delta Omega, Win Mills, and Sigma Phi along with other clubs on campus compose the majority of the teams who vie for the All Sports Trophy. "Most of them are working and are able to fit intramurals around their work and school schedule, while a varsity sport—well, they can't commit themselves to that. Some don't want the dictatorial or regimental approach a coach has to demand. They don't want to be forced. They're doing this because they want to. . .for fun," said Hellrung.



Sandalfooted Viewpoint

Stepping on the train
In my tattered sandals
Passing men in suits
Hanging onto handles,

In their window seats
They all sit and stare
Passing ghetto streets
Pretending they're not there,

Reading in the Morning Times
About poverty and fear
Reading between the lines
Only what they want to hear

Puffing on imported cigars
While children still play in slums
Racing over polluted waters
The steel monster coldly hums -

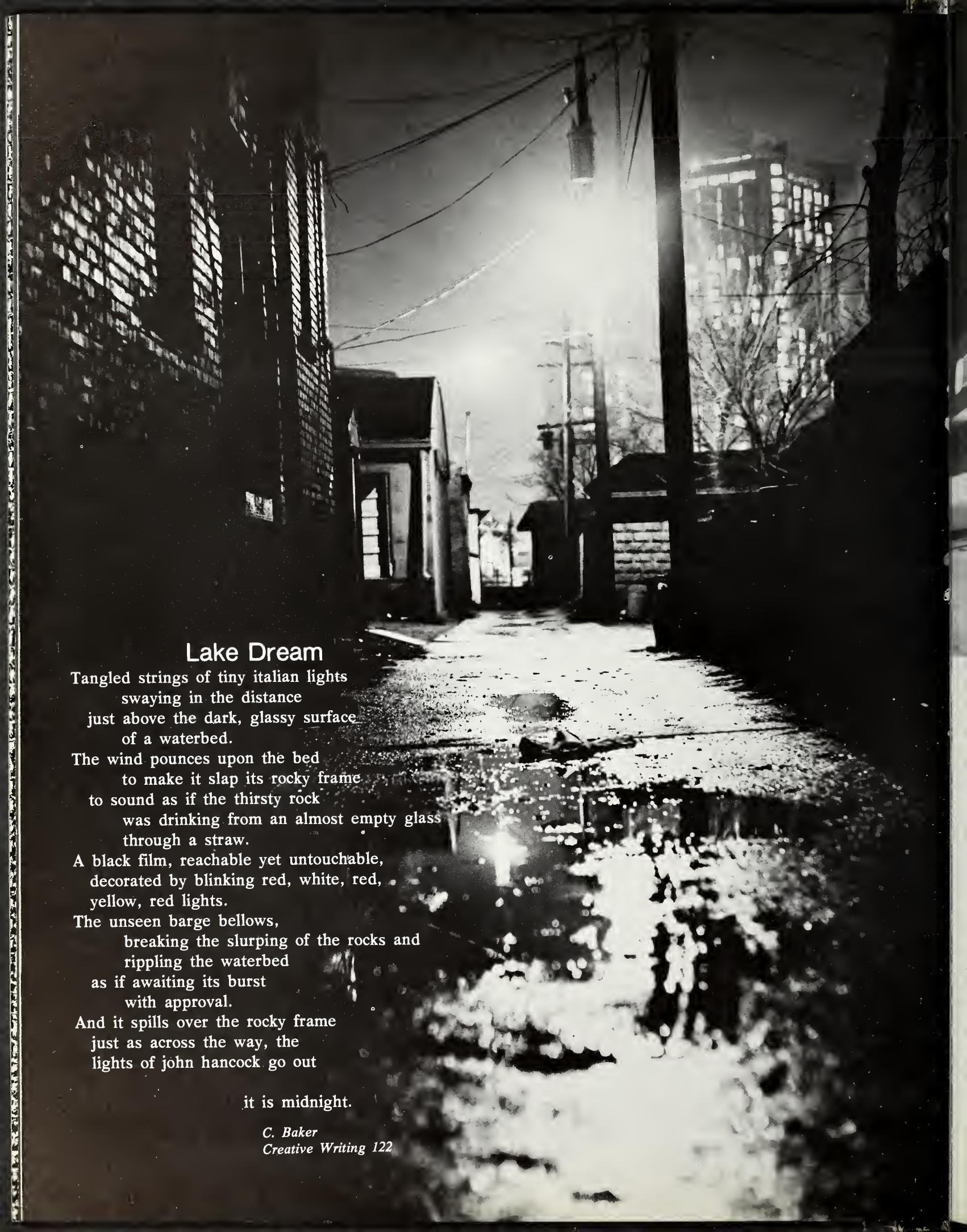
Be true unto yourself
And only do
What you can live with

Only you must carry
In your mind, your actions
And if they are treacherous
You will be alone
With your guilt

Not able to live
Even with your own mind -

Pay heed to small words
Small talk,
Talk on, big talker
But pay penitence to the listener

Nancy Lee Levitt



Lake Dream

Tangled strings of tiny italien lights
swaying in the distance

just above the dark, glassy surface
of a waterbed.

The wind pounces upon the bed
to make it slap its rocky frame
to sound as if the thirsty rock
was drinking from an almost empty glass
through a straw.

A black film, reachable yet untouchable,
decorated by blinking red, white, red,
yellow, red lights.

The unseen barge bellows,
breaking the slurping of the rocks and
rippling the waterbed
as if awaiting its burst
with approval.

And it spills over the rocky frame
just as across the way, the
lights of john hancock go out

it is midnight.



"The Curious Cube"

By Stephen Gordon

All of Xuthil seethed with excitement. The main highways, the curved ramps that led to the public forum were thronged with the jostling bodies of a hundred thousand inhabitants, while in the living quarters of the capital city, millions unable to witness the spectacle first-hand waited anxiously by their menavisors for news. The curious cube had opened.

The gigantic slab of marble, it's glistening walls towering hundreds of feet above the head of the tallest Xuthilian, it's great square base more than a hundred home-widths on each side, but a few hours ago had opened. One smoothly oiled block sliding backward to reveal a yawning pit of blackness in it's depths. Already a band of daring explorers, heavily armed, had penetrated the depths of the curious cube. Soon they would return to make a public report, and it was this which all of Xuthil breathlessly awaited. None living knew the purpose—or dared guess the age of the curious cube. The earliest scrolls in Xuthil's libraries noted it's existence, supposing divine origin or construction. For certainly even the greatest hands of earth's dominant race could not have built such a gigantic structure. It was, clearly the work of Titans, or a God.

So with menavisors dialed to the forum for the first mental images to be broadcast by members of the exploration party, Xuthil hummed with activity. Suddenly a pale green vision flooded the reflector screens of the menavisors, and a thrill ran through the viewers. The exploration party had returned. Tul, chief of all Xuthil's scientists, was stepping upon the circular forum, his intelligent head furrowed with thought. His band of followers trailed after him. Tul stepped before the image projecting unit. As he did so, a wavering scene began to impress itself into the minds of his watchers—a picture that grew more clear and distinct as the mental contact strengthened.

Each Xuthilian saw himself walking behind the glare of a strong torch down a long straight marble passageway, through a high corridor of seamless stone. Cobwebs and the dust of centuries stirred beneath his feet, and the air was musty with the scent of long dead years. A torch swung toward the roof of the passageway and its beam was lost in the far reaches of the chamber above. Mentally each viewer saw himself, as Tul had done, press forward then stop and swing his torch upon the strangest sight a living eye had ever seen. Rows upon rows of recessed drawers, bronzed and embossed with hieroglyphs. These were the contents of the curious cube, and nothing more. The pictures wavered and faded, the thoughts of Tul replaced them, communicating directly with each viewer. There is some great mystery yet to be discovered, concerning this cube. What these drawers contain, we do not know. Scrolls, perhaps of some long vanished race. But it will take long years of hard labor with the most modern equipment, to open even one of these mighty shelves.

If living creatures built the curious cube, and we may suppose they did, their body structure was on a scale so vastly greater than our own that we are utterly unable to understand the purpose of their instruments. Only one thing found in the cube was in any way comparable to machinery we employ.





Tul pointed to a huge stone slab, circular in form, set into a greater square of strange material. The cable attached to this slab is very long. It reaches all the way into the heart of the curious cube. Obviously it has some bearing on the secret of the cube. Tul stepped upon the stone. As stepped upon the push button, a current flowed upon reservoirs dormant for ages, and from the depths of the cube an electrically controlled recorder spoke. "Men," said a human voice, "Men of the fiftieth century, we, your brothers of the twenty fifth need you. For humanity's sake we call on you for help. As I speak, our solar system is plunging into a great atomic cloud from which it will not emerge for hundreds of years. All mankind is doomed to destruction. In this specially constructed vault we have laid to rest ten thousand of the greatest minds on Earth, hermetically sealed to sleep in an induced state until the fiftieth century. By that time the danger will have ended. The door to our vault at last has opened. If there be men alive, and if the air be pure, pull down the lever beside the portal of our tomb and we will waken. If no man hear this plea, if no man still be alive, then farewell world. The sleeping remnants of the human race sleeps on forever" . . . "Solid," repeated Tul. "Yet as you see it seems to yield slightly. Citizens of Xuthil, we are as baffled by this mystery as you are. But you may rest assured that your council of scientists will make every effort to solve it." The green glare of the menavisors faded. Xuthil, perplexed and marveling, returned to its daily labors. On street corners and in halls, in homes, and offices, Xuthilians briefly paused to touch antennae, discussing the strange wonder. For the voice from the curious cube had not been heard by any living creature. Sole rulers of the fiftieth century were ants, and ants can't hear.

You Don't Say

By Eleanore Snow

I was walking down the street the other day, minding my p's and q's, when lo and behold I ran into a bosom buddy of mine from the good old days when we were still wet behind the ears. Folks said we were like two peas in a pod then, all wool and a yard wide.

"Cool, man!" I shouted. "It's neato to run into you at this point in time. Where have you been keeping yourself, you sly dog?"

"For sure," he replied. "I've been around, here and there, doing this and that, keeping busy."

"Just between you and me and the fencepost," he continued, "I'm glad our paths have crossed. I'd like to make you an offer you can't afford to refuse. With your connections and my brains we could clean up in this town. Now, don't count your chickens before they're hatched, but if we work together hand in glove, putting our shoulders to the wheel, so to speak, we could make quite a haul. It would be as easy as pie—like taking candy from a baby. You know, you scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours. Everybody does it—and what's good for the goose is good for the gander, I always say. We can pull the wool over everyone's eyes, hook, line, and sinker. What do you say, old buddy? Should we give it the old college try? It's everyone for himself these days, and we might as well jump on the bandwagon."

But I said to him, "Keep your shirt on, fella. Don't put all your eggs into one basket. A little bird tells me that all is not gold that glitters here. I want to make one thing perfectly clear: I am as honest as the day is long. I'm proud as a peacock to be able to say that in my judgment my record is clean as a whistle. And even though I can charm the birds out of the trees, I'd rather lose my shirt than betray the mandate given me by the silent majority of these United States of America."

My friend shrugged, sighed, and raised his hand in farewell as he said regretfully, "You're right as rain, as usual, old buddy. I should have known that someone as true-blue as you would not stoop to hanky-panky. Well, keep on keeping on."

I watched my friend walk away, and my heart was heavy, for I knew that still water runs deep, and that the leopard cannot change his spots. So many times I had tried to tell him that honesty is the best policy! But I guess there's always one rotten apple in every barrel, and my friend is rotten to the core. Well, so be it: You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink.

"Cheer up," I said to myself, "things could be worse."

So I cheered up, and sure enough, things got worse. It started to rain cats and dogs. But I kept a stiff upper lip and just let my smile be my umbrella. I took out the apple I'd been saving for a rainy day and, avoiding the cracks in the sidewalk (my poor mother already had a heavy cross to bear), I continued my stroll down Main Street.

The Wait

By William Rossbach

There wasn't much room here, so pacing was restricted. He didn't mind it much, though; he had grown accustomed. He had come to realize that the size of one's world need only be as big as one decides he wants it to be.

Lying on his cot, with his eyes closed, he went to a place he had known in his youth. He stood in tall, green grass, and filled his lungs with fresh, clean air. The leaves played tag in the wind. The clouds, white tufts of moisture, dotted the sky. His senses were thrilled, in fact, overwhelmed by the raw simplicity and naked innocence of nature—an aspect of life he had always taken too much for granted.

He noticed the long shadow of a very tall tree, and imagined it moving across the earth, keeping pace with the sun moving in the opposite direction. It was as if the shadow was using the tree to keep itself hidden. It made him smile to think how the tree was like a giant gnomon on a sundial keeping the time.

Time . . . there used to be so much of it, like a continuous loan from a bank. And what did he have to show for it. He had squandered it, spent it freely and unwisely, as though the supply would never end. He never really considered the idea of the bank stopping payments if he became a bad risk.

The wind was soft and the air was warm. None of the noise, impersonal ugliness, or hurried pace of civilization was present here. There was only peace and beauty, as only the very basic things in life could provide.

He rubbed the coarse bark of a tree lightly with his hand and studied it with the wide-eyed fascination of a child. He was noticing things he had never really taken a close look at before.

He saw an ant hurrying purposefully across the ground, and he had no urge to step on it. It was a living creature, and a part of the scheme of things. It had its reason for living, bothered no one, just went about its own business. Everything had a right to live. He knew that now.

There was an incredible harmony about nature, whose imbalance could be caused only by man through his oft repeated sins of selfishness and waste. He wished he could stay here forever, but the giant shadow of the tree was moving. One of his most priceless gifts was slipping away from him. (Time is like a huge barrel of water. You can drink from it, or watch it evaporate. But sooner or later it will be gone, and he was feeling very thirsty now.)



In the distance he saw the girl he once could have married. She seemed to be crying, watching him, but not moving. He remembered how they had once been inseparable. Then their sense of values changed. They drifted apart, and he never knew what became of her. He called her name, but she turned and walked away disappearing over a hill.

How different things might have been, he thought, if he had only listened to her when he had the chance. How much of the good things, the simple things in life had he missed out on, he wondered.

Out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of the shadow from the tree.

The barrel was empty.

He opened his eyes wearily upon being shaken. They had a blank look in them, which is supposed to be normal on such occasions as this.

"Come on," a voice said. "It's time now."

"Alright," he answered rather mechanically.

He was ushered out and they turned left. They walked in silent procession.

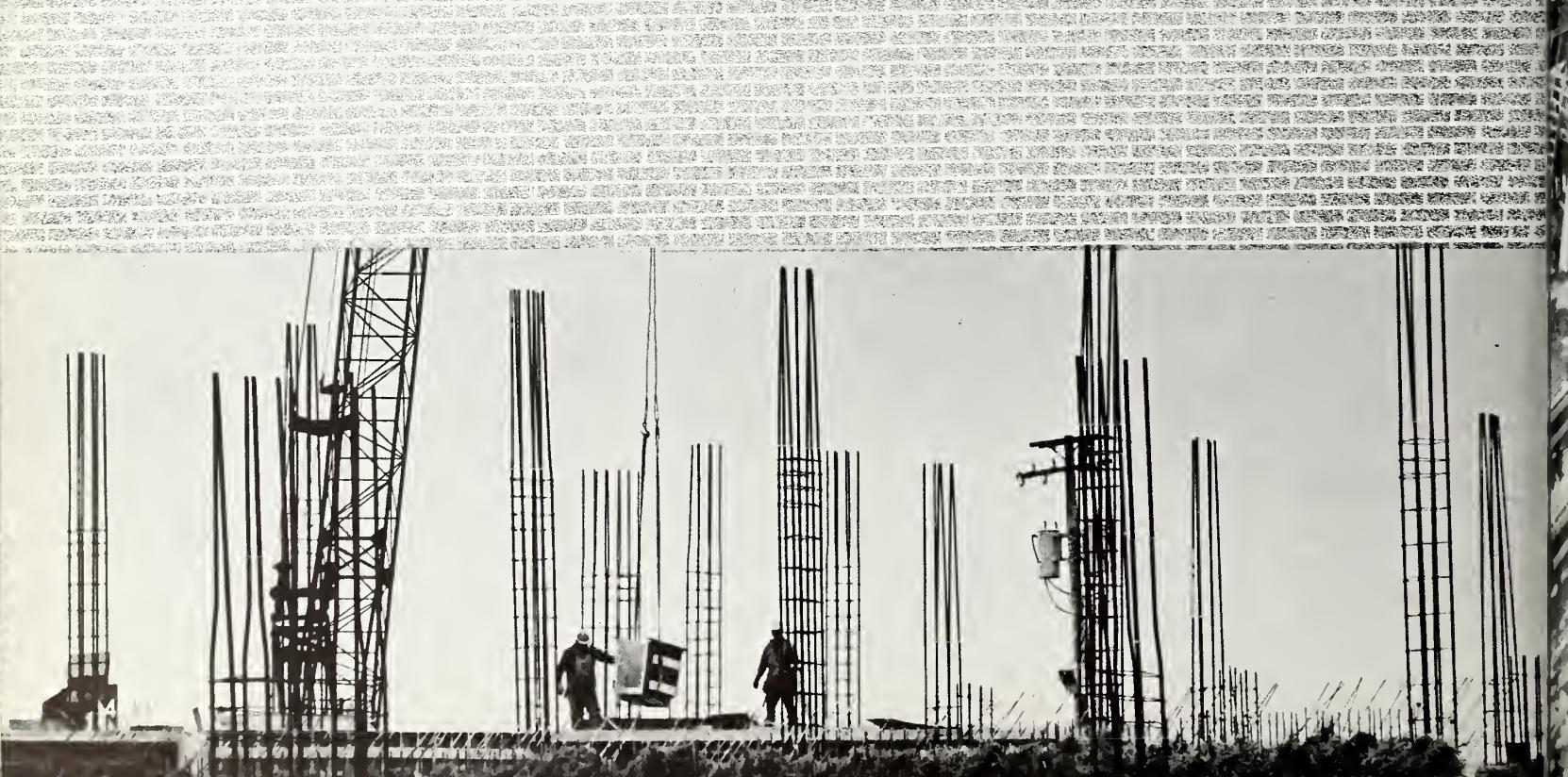
"Steady pop," said a voice, on the way. It seemed to come from another world. But he thought he should recognize it. A friend or acquaintance or something.

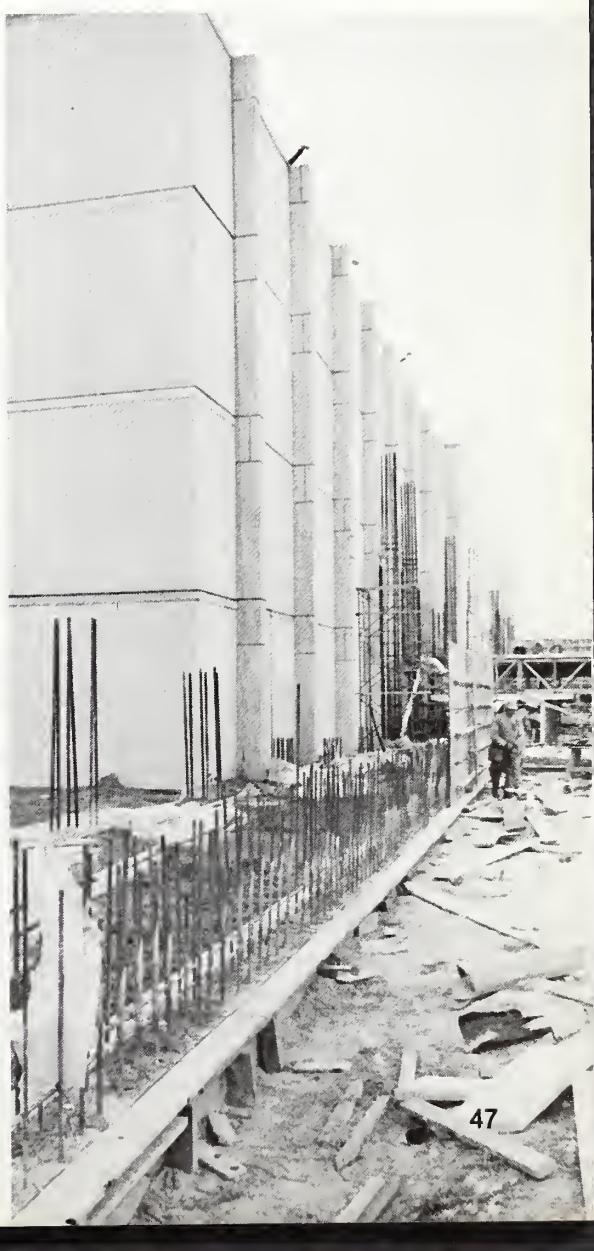
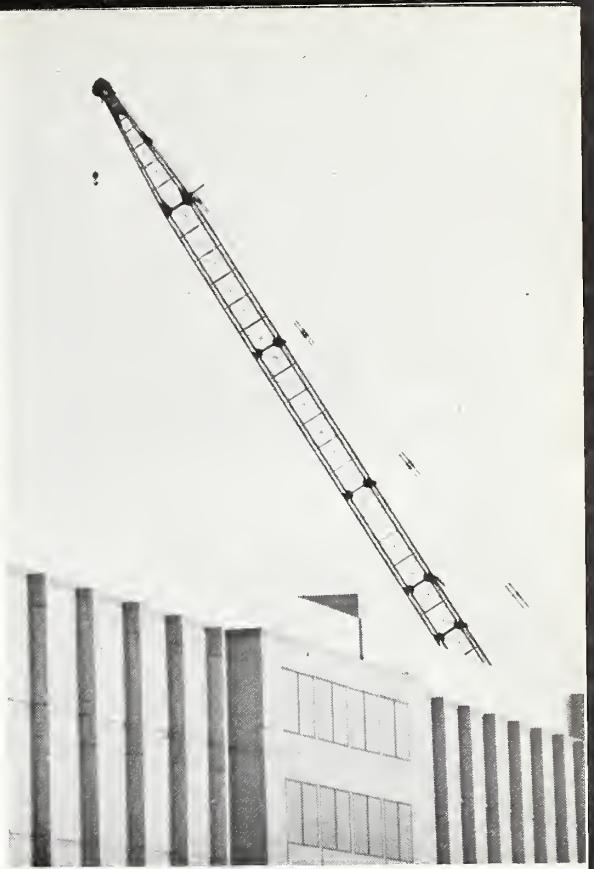
The voice called again. "We'll know when the lights dim." A pause. "You were a good man." The voice was well behind him now.



CONSTRUCTION '75

This is what TCC will look like when complete, legend has it. In the meantime, it looks more like the other photos in this section. Progress is rapid on Phase II, thanks to the use of pre-poured concrete slabs. A Fall '75 completion of Phase II is anticipated if all continues to go smoothly. Rising building costs and last year's delays have hindered the completion of the project. Pete Schloss, Athletic Director, proposed a "do-it-yourself" plan for Phase III, the athletic facility, in an effort to reduce contracting costs.





DEAR FOLKS:

I'M TRULY SORRY TO MISS CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS AT HOME WITH YOU AGAIN THIS YEAR, BUT BUSINESS KEEPS ME RUNNING BETWEEN KOKOMO AND MISHAWAKA. ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL BE ABLE TO TELL YOU ALL QUITE A TALE OF THESE TWO CITIES.

I MET OUR MUTUAL FRIEND MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT IN THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP THE OTHER DAY. HE HAS FALLEN ON HARD TIMES, AND IS LIVING IN A RATHER BLEAK HOUSE NOW. HE TOLD ME THAT DAVID COPPERFIELD IS PUBLISHING THE PICKWICK PAPERS AND IS TAKING AMERICAN NOTES FOR A PROJECT FOR DOMBEY AND SON.

I HAVE NEARLY FINISHED THE NEW BOOK, AND HAVE GREAT EXPECTATIONS FOR IT. ALL I NEED IS A TITLE. LITTLE DORRITT SAYS THAT BOOK TITLES ARE AS EASY TO SPOT AS THE MEASLES, BUT I DON'T KNOW - TITLES DON'T COME EASILY TO ME.

SAY HELLO TO EVERYONE FOR ME, AND HAVE A HAPPY HOLIDAY. WILL NICHOLAS NICKLEBY AND BARNABY RUDGE BE COMING OVER FOR PLUM PUDDING AGAIN THIS YEAR? I'LL BE HOME AS SOON AS I CAN MAKE IT. UNTIL THEN, SING A CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR ME, AND SAVE A MARTINI WITH AN OLIVE OR TWIST FOR

YOUR LOVING SON,

Charles

LETTER TO HOME
by ELEANORE SNOW

ORG



the courier



VOL. 41 NO. 26

THORNTON COMMUNITY COLLEGE

COURIER STAFF GROWS - BUDGET SHRINKS!

SOUTH HOLLAND—Despite its largest increase in manpower ever, the Thornton Community College COURIER has been forced to cut back from eight-page weekly editions to alternating four and eight page issues. Due to rising costs in printing, matched with a limited budget, the COURIER was ordered to cut down on printing costs or face serious financial problems at the end of the school term.

Since last year the COURIER staff has grown from seven to a one-time high of fifty-five employes. It has added numerous artists, photographers, and reporters.

Sandi Sullivan, editor, commented on the distressing situation facing the Building 15 scribes, "The COURIER's next big move, hopefully, will be the return of a regular eight-page paper, giving students their maximum quota of reading pleasure."

IN THIS ISSUE

THE COURIER

Tom Croarkin - Advisor
Sandi Sullivan - Editor
Cindy Cruz - Copy Editor
Bob Olsen - Sports Editor
Marcia Brandt - Co-Features Editor
Mary Kleber - Co-Features Editor
Darlene Graczyk - Business & Advertising Manager
Tina Demetris - Circulation Manager
Chris Branyik - Distribution Manager



Bottom, left to right: Dorothy Vermillion, John Wagner, Craig Johnson, Darlene Graczyk. **Second row:** Cindy Cruz, Donna Sims, Mike Zagakowski, and Sandi Sullivan. **Top:** Marribeth Bernier, Marcia Brandt.



Top Row: Maureen Lamport, James Klien, Jackie Riffice, Anne Black, Steve Smith, Laurie Colella, Tom Mau, Mike Johns, Paul Godbout. **Second Row:** Sue Andersen, Kathy Briney, Dave Toth, Bruce Bramblett, Bobbie Higley. **Third Row:** Neil Van Milligan, Diane Gilbert, Sue Varichek. **Front:** Terry Johnson.

Delta Omega

The newest club to be chartered at Thornton is Delta Omega, better known as the Thunderbolts. Delta Omega is strictly a social organization, whose primary goal is to have fun. The only requirements to join Delta Omega are to pay a \$3.00 monthly dues and attend weekly meetings. Some of the regular club activities include beer parties and monthly dances, which are open to members and friends. When no formal activities are going on, Delta Omega always has something informal going on.

This year's officers were Steve Smith, president; Ann Black, vice-president; Bobbie Higley, Secretary; and John Klein, treasurer.



Delta Sigma

Bottom, left to right: Cleland Cofer, Pat Lee, Sandra Barer, La Wanda Frazier, Deborah Lathan. **Top Row:** Sponsor Pat Golden, Rachel Cox, Carmen Garcia, Barbara Thomas, Diane Wilson, Donna Billeups, Fran Alres.



Chemistry Club

The Chemistry Club, alias TC4, bonds students together with similar academic interests in a social and informal atmosphere, working toward career goals. Under the direction of Lucette Held, TC4 sparked several activities throughout the year. Among the more popular events were the November field trip to Argonne Nuclear Research Lab and the Environmental Research trip to Turkey Run in Indiana. This year's officers were President Don Kolenda, Vice-President Pat Fell, Treasurer Diane Kelly, and Secretary Don Kotur.

Sitting, left to right: Melissa Landowski, Pat Fell, Al Smartz. Standing: Douglas Tweeten, Don Kolenda, Don Kotur, Dave Dubois, Dr. Milton Gilmore.

Kneeling, left to right: Hormoz Changizi, Sherry Wetnight, Laura Patton, Janet Walenga, Brenda Durr, Marribeth Bernier, Hossain Naziri. Sitting, left to right: Advisor Charlyne Robinson, Saleem Ahmed, Ali Pourtabib, Nancy Medic, Raiary Silapachai, Eric Akoto, Sunil Shah.

International Club

How ironic it seems to come thousands of miles to enroll in a community college. Yet for the foreign members of the International Club, there is nothing unusual about being a part of Thornton Community College. Whether in America as new citizens or to receive the education they might not otherwise acquire at home, foreign members of the International Club can mingle with Americans, with both benefiting from their understanding of different cultures.





Delta Beta

Officers T. Howard Bell, Quincy Chapman, and Kenneth Williams all agree that enhancing school and social activity through earnest participation is the major goal of their fraternity, Delta Beta.

Although membership stands at less than 20, the club has sponsored numerous activities throughout the 1974-75 school year. During the Fall semester, they held various dances, including their Annual Fraternity Dance. They also organized a bake sale and all the proceeds went to the Student Aid Foundation.

Later activities were highlighted by a Wine Sips party and Delta Beta's Spring Dance.

Sigma Phi

Sigma Phi sponsored one of the most successful activities at TCC this year - a ski trip to Powderhorn Mountain in Bessemer, Michigan, during the semester break. This social fraternity battles against student apathy by taking part in intramural sports, sponsoring car washes, and various other fund raising events. The co-ed fraternity, led by President Dennis Marich and Secretary-Treasurer Larry Zack, is sponsored by "Nick's Corner Bar", which makes for an interesting meeting place, to say the very least. Meetings begin promptly at 1:00 p.m. and end promptly when the proprietor throws them out at 2:00 a.m.

Left to right: Mason Horne, Ken Williams, Stephen Yates, Clinton Scott, Eric Akoto, Reggie Whitson.



Breakfast at "McNicks"? Why not? Sigma Phi members Wally Wieczorek, Dennis Marich, and Jay Mossell assemble each rosy-fingered dawn under the foaming arches of their favorite bistro, where they drink breakfast, lunch, and dinner. This publication regretfully acknowledges the transition of Dolton legal drinking age to 21 years, which has turned countless refugees of "Nick's" to the streets. Won't someone please take home these darling strays?



Phi Theta Kappa

"Leadership, scholarship, fellowship, and service." These are the goals of Phi Theta Kappa, TCC's National Honor Society. Thornton has over 100 members in Phi Theta Kappa, which is the only national junior college society on campus. The officers of the club are Rose Kuknyo - President, Jan Behn - Vice-President, Debbie Kustra - Secretary-Treasurer.

Sponsored by Mr. James Abbott, Phi Theta Kappa's activities have included a Homemaker's meeting, which was designed to introduce prospective new students to Thornton in an informal way, especially those who were unfamiliar with college procedures. On November 8, Phi Theta Kappa inducted 52 new members. During the second semester, they sponsored a toy collection for the baby-sitting service on campus, and they also spent a day at the recycling center as volunteers.

In April, recognition was awarded to two outstanding community personalities as honorary Phi Theta Kappa members. This was the first year that TCC's Phi Theta Kappa has sponsored such a ceremony. The recipients were Mary Comegys, a Political Science teacher at Thornton, and Congressman Robert Hanrahan, a former TCC graduate.

Due to the efforts of the officers, this is the first year that Phi Theta Kappa has really gotten off the ground. And it is their hope that those efforts will be repeated and surpassed next year. Two Phi Theta Kappa members won this year's local competition for the National Achievement Recognition Award. Rose Kuknyo and Greg Stockey were the TCC representatives who went on to the regional competition.



It's been a fruitfull year for Phi Theta Kappa members. Rose Kuknyo, left, recipient of the Student Achievement Recognition Award, informs a housewife on continuing education. Mrs. Kuknyo has been selected from 500 chapters as one of the top seven Phi Theta Kappa members in the nation.

Front Row: Barbara Cummins, Rose M. Kuknyo, Susan O'Brien, Maryann Bader, Mary Kleber. Second Row: Debbie Wantor, Arlene Rossler, Annette Hughes, Shelby Bieber, Inken McCann. Third Row: John Wagner, Nancy Medic, Gregg Stockey, Pat Sekosky, Debbie Maat, Jennifer Miller, Deborah Orr.

Left to right: Gary Swartz, Nancy Lynn, Lynn Hellmann, Brenda Durr, Kevin McQuade, Woody Brown, Lynn Vacer, Marge Priz, Joyce Hendricks, Karla Korff, Bill Bodine. Bottom: Nancy Guzan, Liz Shrode.



THORNTON'S DRAMA SOCIETY

Directed by Smith Brand

Setting: Thornton Community College's Interim Campus, Building 21

Characters: *Nancy Guzan - President*

Bob Flynn - Vice President

Liz Shrode - Secretary-Treasurer

And all interested students who want to "Tread the Boards and Follow the Stars!"

(And are willing to attend the bi-monthly meetings.)

Time: 1974-1975 academic year

Act 1, Scene 1

Fall Production of "A Doll's House" by Ibsen.

Act 1, Scene 2

Presentation of the Terrance Wright Memorial Scholarship to an outstanding technical theatics student. This year's winner was Liz Shrode.

Act 2, Scene 1

Field trip on November 27 to the Shubert Theatre to see "A Little Night Music" performed.

Act 2, Scene 2

Participation in a Drama Festival at Northern Illinois University.

Act 3

Spring production of "Status Quo Vadis" by Driver.

Act 4

A student-directed performance of "The Hobbit" at the Lincoln grade school in Calumet City.



Besides sponsoring a myriad of campus activities, Uhuru offers refuge from the madness of the student center. Here, a student relaxes with a game of chess in the Cultural Center, Uhuru's home.

Delta Tau

Delta Tau, which has the distinction of being the smallest fraternity on campus, includes members: Paul Krynicki, Ed Nikowitz, Jim Sasakia, Mike Creamen, Jim Conneely, and Don Boyd.

Following the usual club procedure, the organization has sponsored an endless number of parties, dances, and social gatherings throughout the year.

One of Delta Tau's many goals is to get more students involved in school activities for the 1975-76 school year.

Uhuru

Uhuru, which is the Swahilian word for freedom, strives for the enlightenment of Black students toward Black culture, past and present, to gain respect, dignity, and unity for all Black people. To realize their goals, members of Uhuru have participated in various meaningful activities. Four students were sent to Philadelphia to attend a conference for the Association for the Study of Afro-American Life and History. A Benefit Fashion Show was presented by the club at the DuSable Museum of African-American History. Another conference, for the African Association for Black Studies, brought ten Uhuru members to Cleveland.

The officers for this cultural group are: President - Kenneth Williams, Secretary - Marilyn Scully, Treasurer - T. Howard Bell.

Christian Fellowship Club and Newman Club

Moments of reflection are few and far between for most college students. But everyone needs time to stop and rest and contemplate. This opportunity is available to TCC students through the Christian Fellowship Club and the Newman Club. They are Thornton's Christian organizations and are open to any interested student.

During the Fall semester, the Christian Fellowship Club sponsored a Breakaway to Lake Williamsberg Christian Center, located 40 miles south of Springfield. It was a retreat directed toward the Christian college student. The club is sponsored by Ron Farquahr, and is headed by Linda Van Kat.

A Spring Breakaway, also held at Lake Williamsberg, was attended by members of the Christian Fellowship Club and Newman Club President John Deitche. The Newman Club is sponsored by Father Ted Kawczynski. Next year's plans call for uniting both clubs into one, and sponsoring a series of coffee houses for TCC students.



Cheerleaders

School spirit is vital on any campus, and TCC's cheerleading squad provided the necessary enthusiasm for our Bulldogs. The qualifications for becoming a cheerleader include the ability and willingness to learn, a loud and clear voice, a pleasant disposition, and a winning smile. Once chosen, they meet 4 times a week for practice, all during the football and basketball seasons.

The 1974-75 cheerleaders were: Captain - Brenda Durr, Co-Captain - Debbie Yates, Sandra Baker, Lenora Banks, Arvette Brown, Sandra Bynum, Rosemary Chavis, Sandra Harvey, Cynthia Houser, Nancy Medic.

If tense cheerleaders could win ballgames, the Bulldogs would be undefeated. From left to right: Sandy Bynum, Rose Chanis, Brenda Durr, Sandy Harvey.





Left to right: Maureen Dunard, Georgia Cooper, Janet Marselan, Rose Buck, Ginger Reed, Lynn Broholm, Captain Tina Demetris, Asst. Captain Karen Magdziak, Nancy Eierman, Patty Jakubas, Sue Anderson, Mary Hires, Karen Suttie. Not pictured: Sally Hires.



Pom Poms

The Special T's-TCC's answer to the Zeigfield Follies have done their dancing thing on many fields and courts, helping the cheerleaders keep enthusiasm up there. Besides coordination and poise, the Special T's develop their own dance routines, performed to contemporary music at half-time.

Ginger Reed and Lynn Broholm shake their pom-poms to the music during another contemporary dance routine at half-time.



Vets Club

The Vets Club, traditionally one of the most active clubs on campus, has diminished to a membership of approximately 60 out of a possible enrollment of over 1,000. Some of the several activities that they have sponsored include the Vets Club fall picnic, which was coordinated along with the school fall picnic. In December, they held a Las Vegas night at the American Legion Hall in Hazelcrest. The St. Valentine's Day Massacre Party and Dance also doubled as their membership drive. Officers of the Vets Club, sponsored by Veteran's Coordinator, John Bertrand, are, President - George Young, Treasurer - Jim Hewitt.



The fall picnic, originated by the Vets Club, continues as the social event on the TCC calendar. The Vets still play an active role in the production of the picnics.

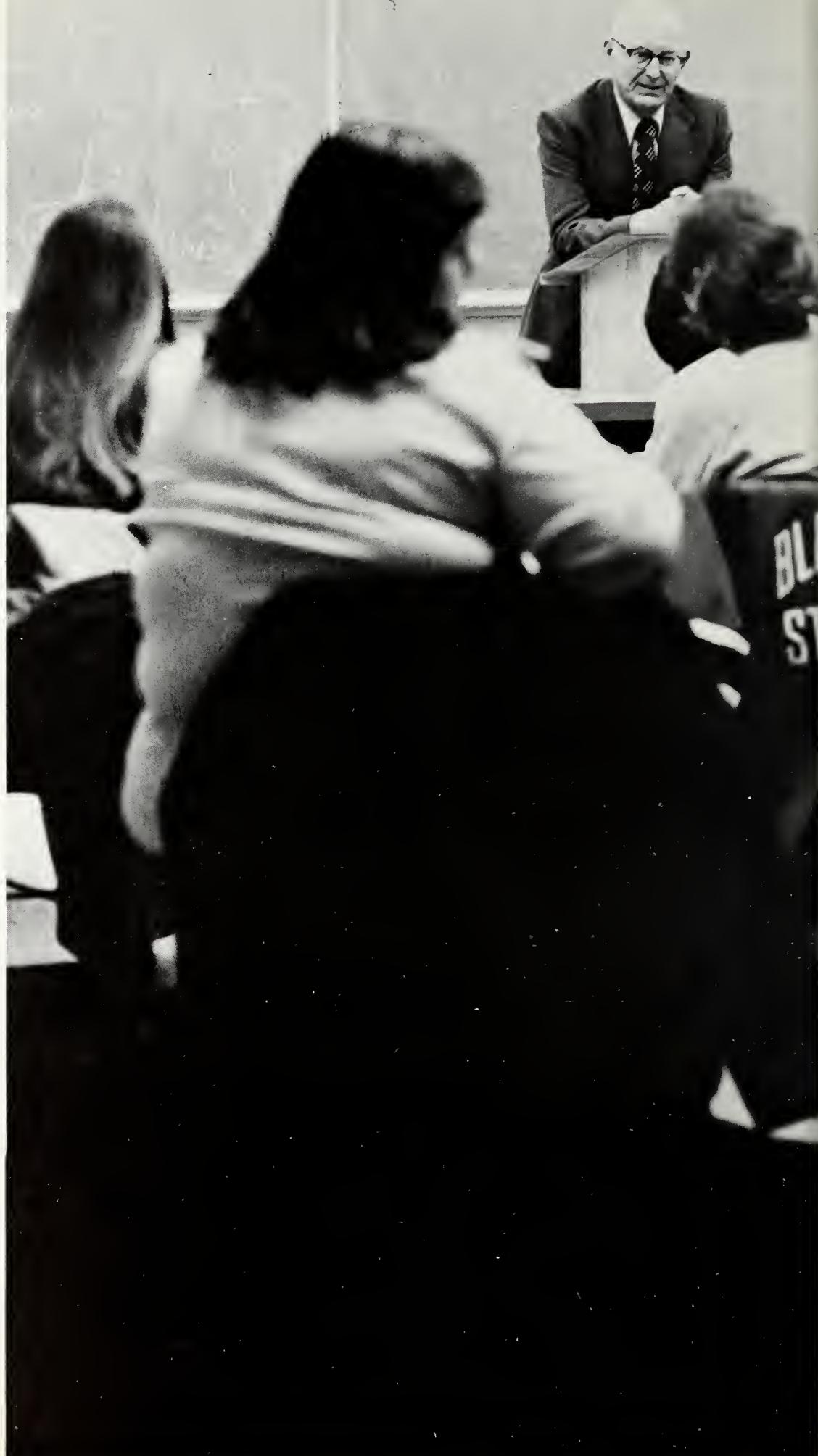


Graphic Arts Club

To complement an ever-expanding Graphic Arts department, the Graphic Art Club was formed this year by a group of closely knit students. The club was organized to help develop interests in the field and to give students greater exposure to practical graphic production. The group hopes to influence present campus publications, and create new ones in the future.

Left to right: James Pappa, president; James Gilliam, treasurer; Ray Van Meerteren, sponsor; Susan Grabinski, vice-president; Crystal Carlson, secretary.

PROFS





George Clark Administrative Services



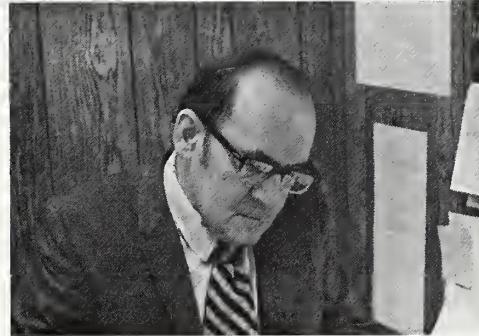
William Piland Career Education



Nathan Ivey President



Judith Price Student Activities



Arthur Stejskal Community Education



Larry Cannon



William Schipper Chief Accountant



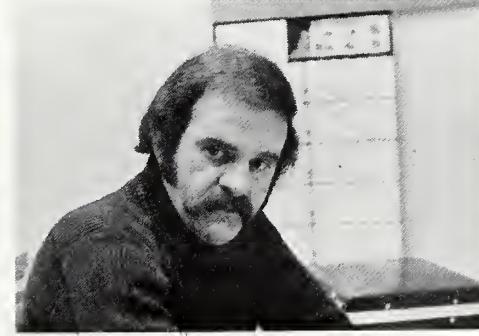
William Hafer Admissions & Records



Irwin Dahl Resources and Development



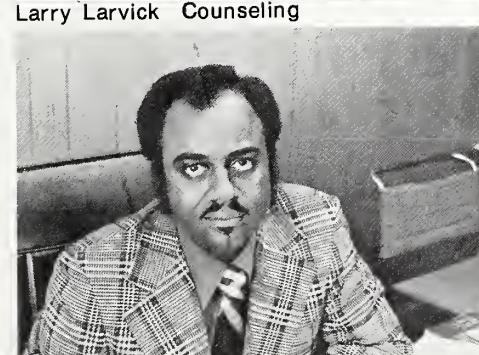
Arthur Baker Information Services



Larry Larwick Counseling



Robert Jack Community Services



LaVell Wilson Student Services



Wayne Willard Educational Services



Patricia Duncker Personnel Services



Richard Nirenberg Public Relations



Mary Anderson, R.N. A.D. Nursing



Eugene M. Wensel Biology



Dorothy Reedy, R.N. Practical Nursing



William Francis Division Director



Gerald Willey Life Science



Elaine Janis, R.N.



Judith Kelly, R.N.



Charles Pennington Biology

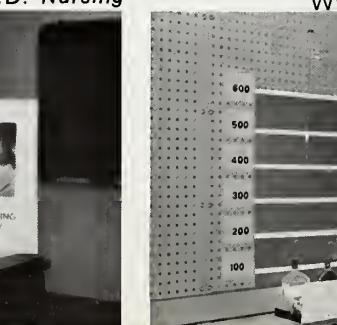


Edmund Bonczyk

Physical Education



Lottie T. Tylka, R.N. A.D. Nursing



Willie Campbell Life Science

Arlene Frances, R.N. A.D. Nursing



Health & Life Sciences

The Health and Life Sciences Department, having the largest faculty enrollment, is branched into 7 divisions of its own. This year's addition of an Environmental Biology course has upped student enrollment more than 200, while Audio-Tutorial Biology courses have returned to traditional classroom teaching procedure.

The Nursing Associate Degree Field, this year, is run completely for freshmen and sophomores by audio-tutorial technique. Although enrollment is stable due to limits in the program, applications have increased considerably for the 74-75 school year.

The Practical Nursing field has enforced the use of a student procedures manual, a supplement for traditional text books. The manuals, written by teachers dealing directly with the department, have extended throughout the 7 divisions of the Health & Life Sciences Department. Continuing Registered Nursing Program courses update and translate new knowledge to improve nursing practice.

The Occupational Therapy department, this year established a one-third increase in student enrollment and hired, for the first time, a full-time instructor. The program was revised to receive qualified certification from the American Association of Occupational Therapists.



Robert Sullivan *Biology*



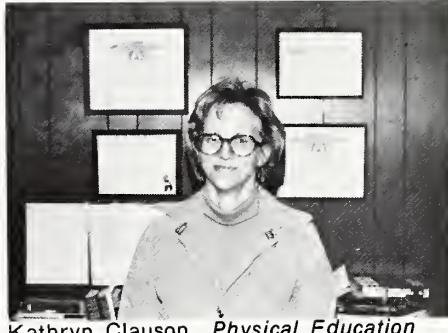
Margaret Todesco, R.N.



Carolyn Fraser, R.N. *Division Director*



John E. Carlson *Physical Education*



Kathryn Clauson *Physical Education*



Leslie Freeman *Biology*



Martha Wetzel *Physical Education*



Donald Sather *Biology*



William Curran *Science, Social Science*



James Abbott *Science*



Douglas Tweeten *Science*



Earl DeGroot *Mathematics*



Hiram T. Spannuth *Science*



Basil Halkides *Science*



Milton Gilmore *Division Director*



Joseph Salbka *Science*



Carolyn Shevokas *Mathematics*



Lucette Held *Science*

Physical Sciences & Math

The Physical Science and Math Department gears most of its courses toward the transfer student heading for careers in Pharmacy, Pre-Medicine, or Nutrition. Through support of the Chemistry Club, students have pushed forward in relation to their chosen field. Coping with increased enrollment in Math, Physics, and Pre-Engineering courses placed the greatest demand on the department during the 74-75 school year. The department added one new math course and expanded to Saturday Morning College Algebra classes. An increase in faculty in this department is also evident due to faculty transfers from other areas to TCC.

The Fred Ring Scholarship, awarded to an outstanding Physical Science & Math student, and a spring honors program, recognizing several successful students in each subject of the department field, are among the projects carried out by the department throughout the year.



Jane Morrison *Mathematics*



Daniel J. Durian *Mathematics*



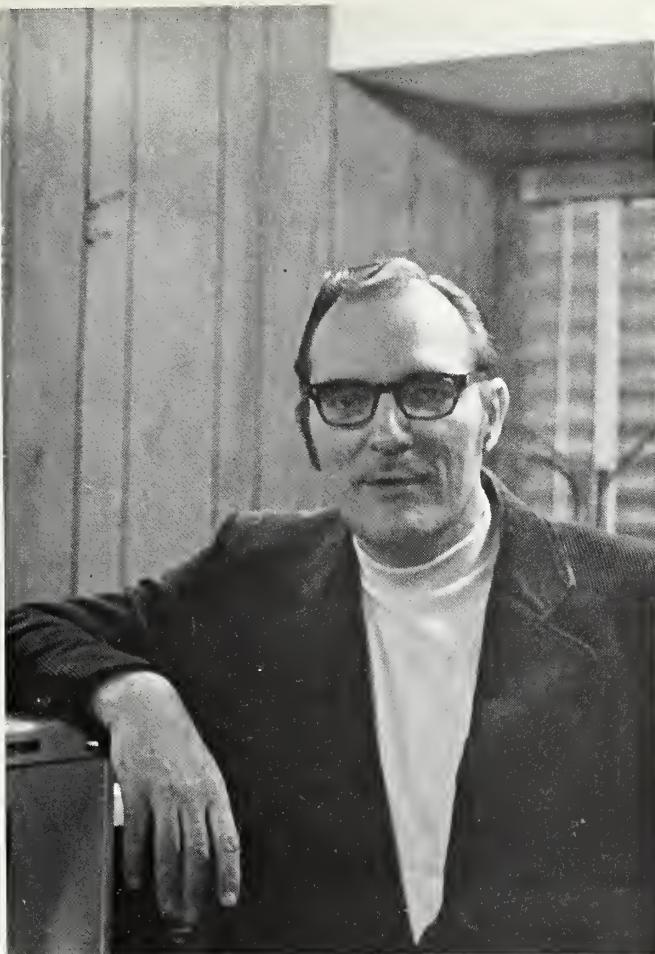
General & Experimental Sciences

The General & Experimental Sciences department, (G.S.P.) is designed for students with major as well as minor learning problems and disabilities, or for those who have been out of school for extended periods of time.

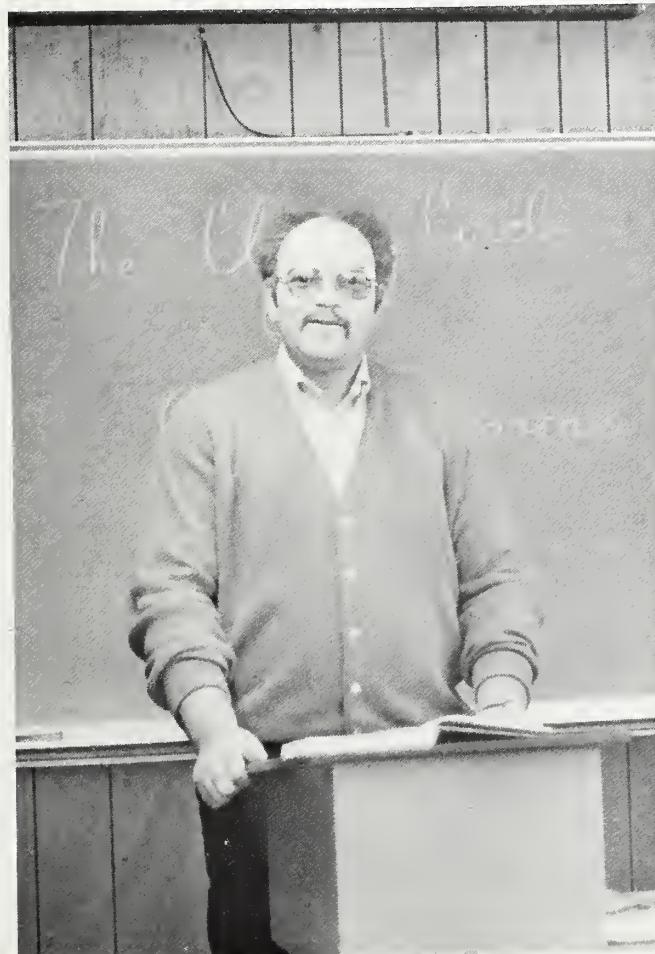
Working to expand enrollment in the Urban Studies division of G.S.P., the department issues an **Urban Studies Newsletter** to community and high school institutions. In conjunction this year with its three clubs: Uhuru, Delta Sigma Sorority, and Delta Beta Fraternity, Urban Studies hopes to achieve greater harmony in student sponsored activities.

"We'd like to think of Thornton Community College as an open-door college and not a revolving door college," Ronald Farquhar, division director states. "It serves to help students be successful."

Following the current trend toward increased enrollment, the General & Experimental Sciences Program has branched outward, accommodating more interested students. The department has successfully retained over 90% of its student enrollment for the entire semester.



DeVaughn Miller *Behavioral Science*



August R. Banks *General Studies*



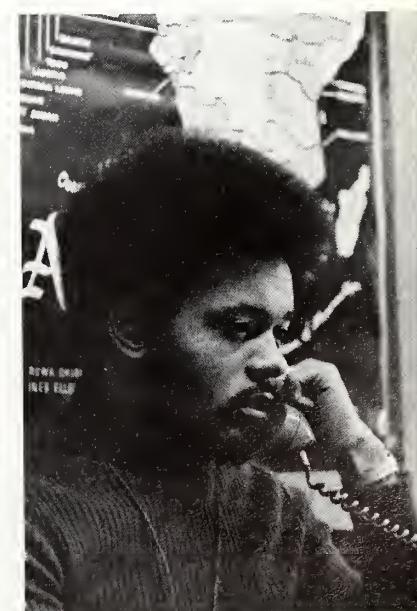
Jill Giddings *General Studies*



L. Ronald Farquhar
Division Director



Sue Price, Urban Studies student, mulls over mathematics with fellow student and instructor Dave Johnson. The Urban Studies program, part of the General Experimental department, focuses on Black studies, and is involved in campus activities sponsored by Black-oriented clubs.



David Johnson *General Studies*



Larry A. Wehner *Art*



Frieda Reynolds *Music*



Dimpna Clarin *Music*



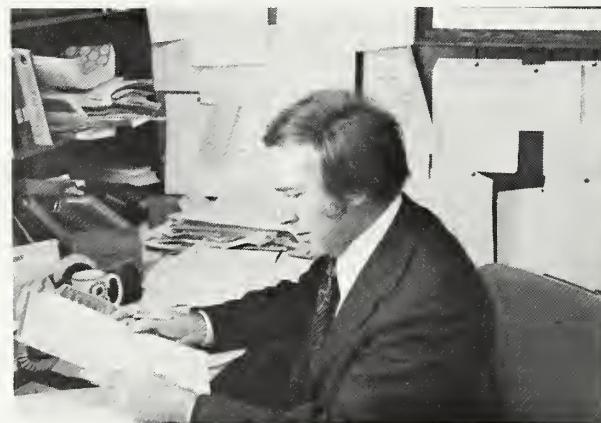
Claudette Bobay *Art*



Donald Kramer *Music*



Charles Ledbetter *Philosophy*



J. Albert Kindig *Division Director/Arts & Humanities*



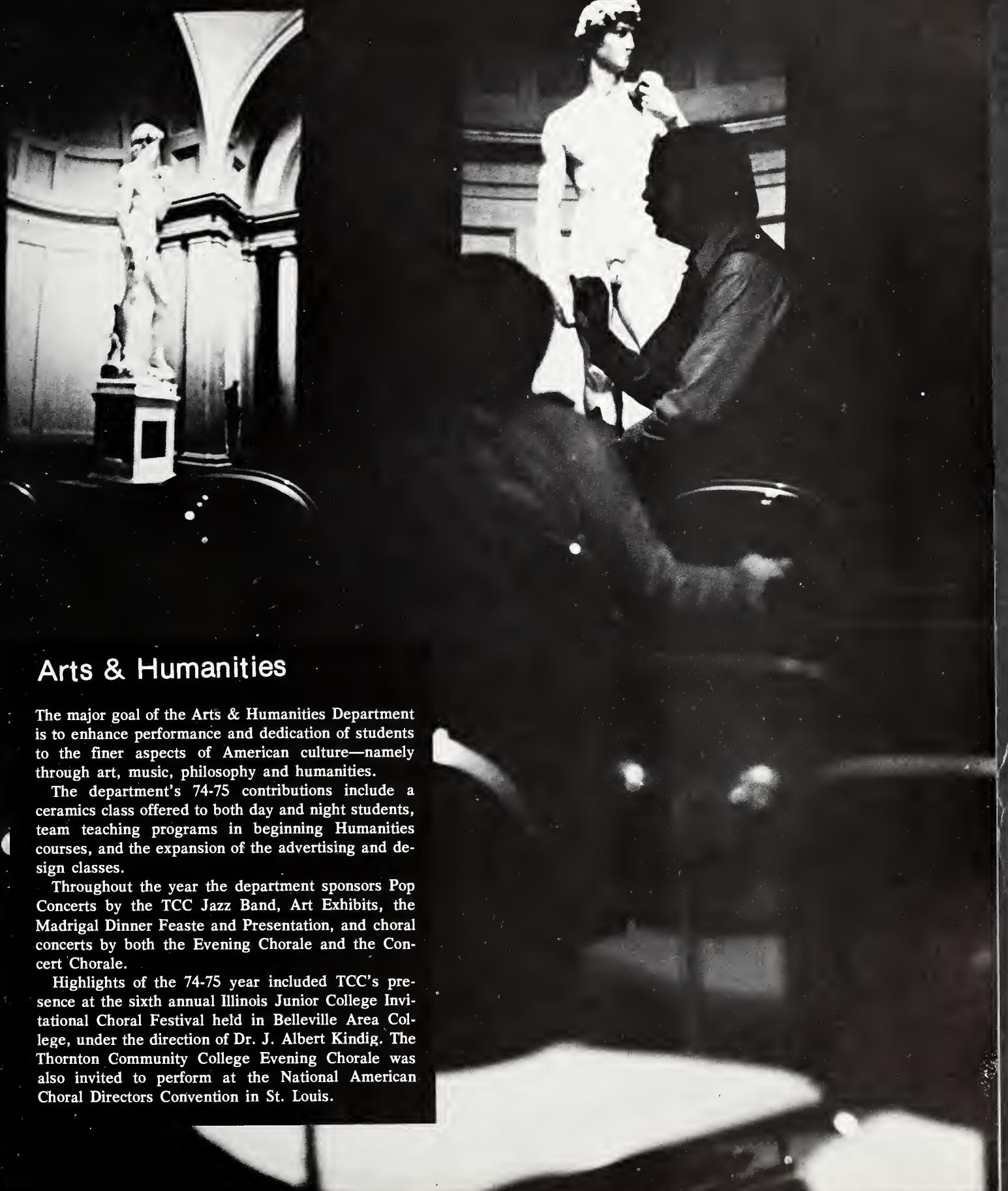
Joseph Rejholec *Art*



Fred L. Hanzelin *Music*



George Finstad *Art*



Arts & Humanities

The major goal of the Arts & Humanities Department is to enhance performance and dedication of students to the finer aspects of American culture—namely through art, music, philosophy and humanities.

The department's 74-75 contributions include a ceramics class offered to both day and night students, team teaching programs in beginning Humanities courses, and the expansion of the advertising and design classes.

Throughout the year the department sponsors Pop Concerts by the TCC Jazz Band, Art Exhibits, the Madrigal Dinner Feaste and Presentation, and choral concerts by both the Evening Chorale and the Concert Chorale.

Highlights of the 74-75 year included TCC's presence at the sixth annual Illinois Junior College Invitational Choral Festival held in Belleville Area College, under the direction of Dr. J. Albert Kindig. The Thornton Community College Evening Chorale was also invited to perform at the National American Choral Directors Convention in St. Louis.

Language & Communications



Smith V. Brand *Speech*

The Language & Communications department has managed to offer a considerable number of changes in its program through the 74-75 school year. A Diagnostic Placement Program, exercised during freshmen orientation, has allowed many beginning students to enroll in English Composition courses that coincide with their learning ability. Linguistics, a course offered at few community colleges, was also added to the curriculum. "The course is considered an asset to students enrolled in Language and Teaching Programs," division director, Dr. Norma Rooney states.

For students enrolled in speech classes, television/video tape units were installed this year. The addition aims to improve student performance of speech deliveries.

The Journalism Certificate Program, for the first time, has succeeded in graduating two students from the newly initiated Intern Program. The Intern Program, which assigns students to work part-time at newspapers, radio stations, advertising agencies, and printing plants relates education to work by creating job placement positions for enrolled students.



Edith LeBed *English*



Concordia Hoffman *English*



Sally Mensi *English*



James Moody *English*



Ernestine Robinson *English*



Norma Rooney *Division Director*



Greuling Schellhorn *English*



Lois Chapman *English*



Erika Hartmann *Eng.*



Gerald L. Hundley *Speech*



Social & Behavioral Sciences

Quality instruction, innovations, and acceptance of new trends in education and attitudes; as well as self-evaluation of the department, are among the goals and philosophies of the Social & Behavioral Science Department.

More than doubling enrollment in the Law Enforcement Program over the past year, the division claims one-fourth of total student enrollment.

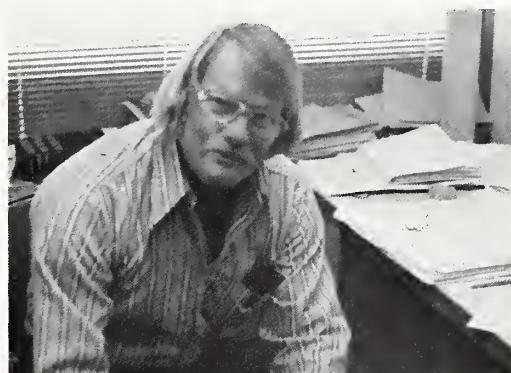
An 8-10 percent increase over the past two semesters in student enrollment and the hiring of a law enforcement program co-ordinator is evidence of the department's phenomenal growth.



William Tabel *Division Director*



Frank Stanicek *Behavioral Science*



Bailey Maqruder *Social Science*



Tammer Saliba *Behavioral Science*



Irvin Seelye *Behavioral Science*



Joseph Gutenson *Behavioral Science*



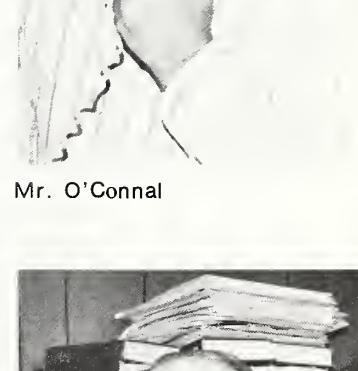
Mr. O'Connal



Clifton Satterthwaite *Teacher Aid Program*



Patrick O'Connell *Law Enforcement*



Dale Chapman *Social Science*



Sarah Barmore *Social Science*



David Bartlett *Social Science*

Business & Commerce



Paul Wessel *Business*



Vernon Peterson *Business*



Martha Dietrich *Business*



James Steimle *Business*



Frank Pрист *Business*



Joseph Adamek *Business*



Katherine Wessel *Business*



Cletus O'Drobinak *Division Director*

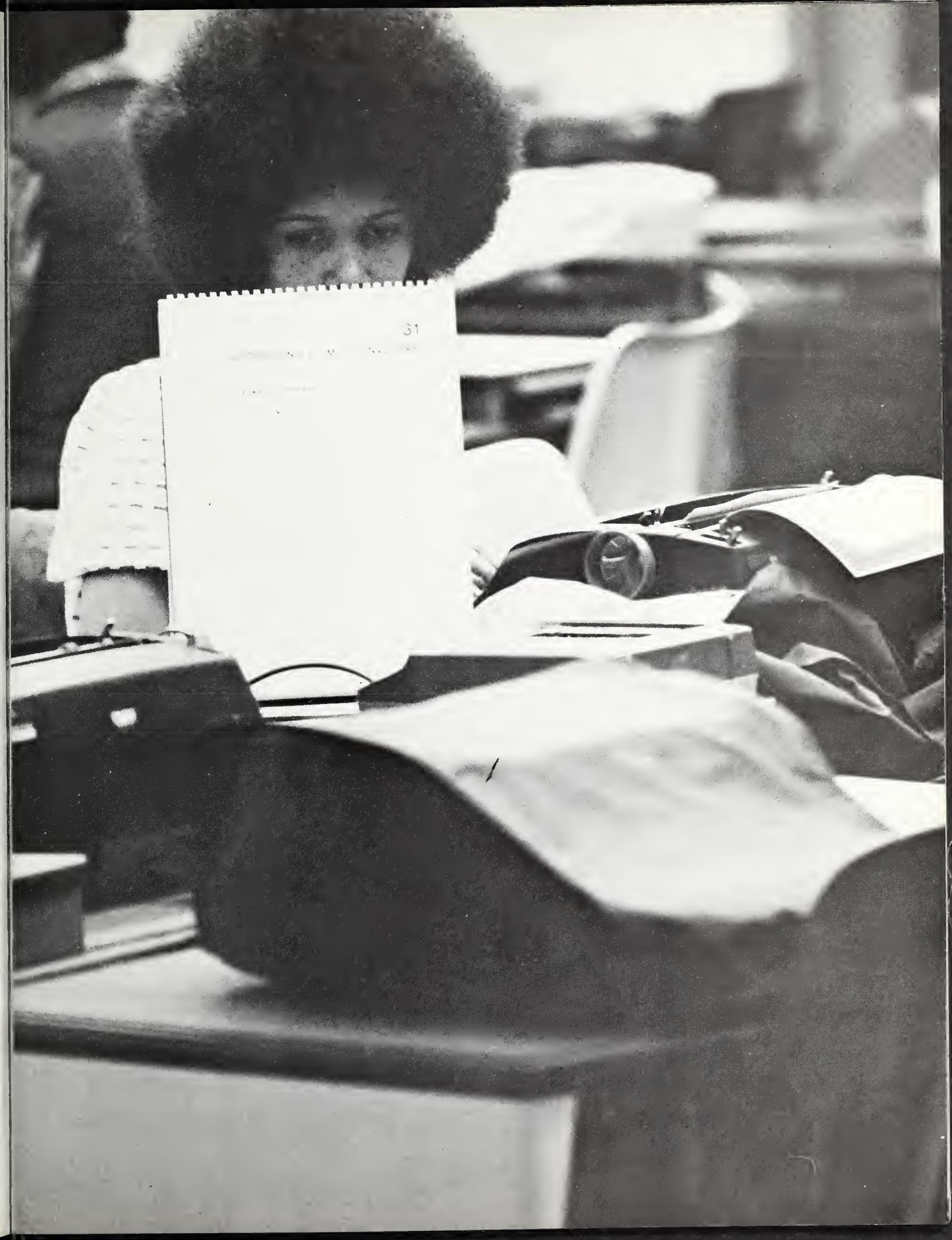


Valerie Wojcik *Business*



Dennis Dryzga *Business*







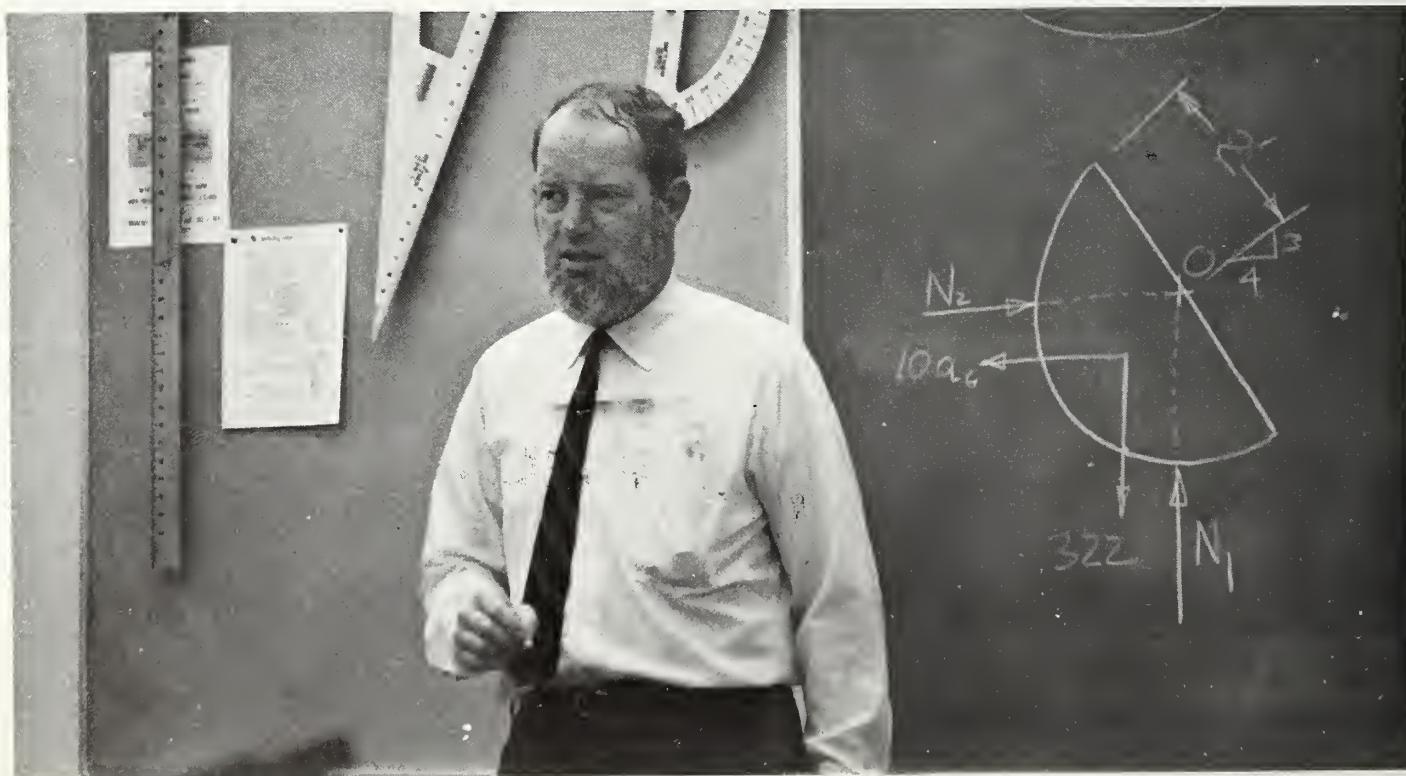
Blake Reed *Educational Media*

Engineering & Technology

The long range goal of Engineering and Technology is to provide departmental skills for students to use later on the job. It may already have been reached. This is due to the fact that 70 percent of those now studying in the department have already experienced on-the-job training. They enroll in courses to retain and upgrade their abilities for job promotion as well as genuine interest.

Because field courses are scattered in both interim and main campus classrooms, the department's more immediate goal is to plan for functioning "under one roof," division director William Siville commented. With the completion of Phase II, the department believes a better climate for studying conditions will also be created. A final goal that the department hopes to encourage is the enrolling of more women in Engineering and Technology courses.

Daniel Purdy *Engineering/Technical*



Counseling

Nine academic advisors serve students at the Counseling Center on the Main Campus, available to all students. This small, yet productive group, has highlighted the 74-75 school year, with the following additions:

Two reading publications sponsored by the department are handed out for student absorption and knowledge. An orientation newspaper, which is issued at the beginning of each semester, highlights course offerings; and the TCC Counselors Communiqué, a booklet edited by Pat Golden, points out calendar happenings in seven issues yearly.

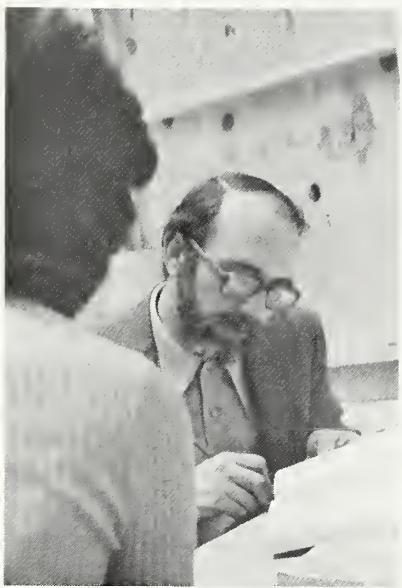
Activities sponsored by the Counseling Department include; Health Careers Day, College Day, Student Achievement Recognition Program, and a Women's Conference, designed to encourage homemakers to benefit from Community College Courses.



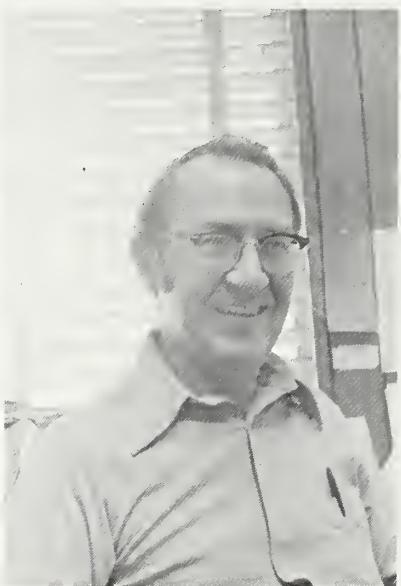
Vern Hoerman *Counselor*



Charlyne Robinson *Counselor*



Richard Bishop *Counselor*



William Bourland *Counselor*



Theda Hambright *Counselor*



Robert Marshall *Counselor*



Phyllis Davis *Counselor*

Robert Heinrich *Counselor*



ART-LIT



Wisp of Love

Child, what does life have in store for you? Is it shelves stocked with crates of love, bags full of happiness, bins filled with health, wealth, and everything good and beautiful?

Child, you were a stranger. Unforgettably you burst into life transforming our very existence together.

Child, with the abundance of wishes meant for you - happiness is but a fleeting instant, so infinitesimal that you must clutch it as if to squeeze it to death and drain from it all you can hold within your heart. It will be yours forever.

Child, you are the responsibility of a lifetime. No other can perceivably contain the magnitude nor attain the zenith: that which has been bestowed upon me through your being.

Child, God's greatest blessing. Out of the cacophony of this world around us, to hear you talking, you laughing, you crying: it's like crystal, so alive in an inexplicable moment.

Child, your vitalness explodes with all the fervor of life. A soul where love abounds rarest, unblemished and eternal.

Child, I can no longer cuddle you in my arms; you're growing up. You are a perennial bud blossoming amongst the seasonal flowers. My compassion is enhanced with each passing year.

Child, you are a twinkling of raw innocence. We've grown together, you and I, through times which could have only come to pass by complete honesty and naivete. All our precious little serious talks reflect a most priceless point in time.

Child, your mischievous antics has often brought an amusing gleam to my eye and a broad grin upon my face. You possess such zeal, a real joy for living. Just watching you at play revitalizes me.

Child, the brightest star does not light the sky as your smile radiates and warms my heart.

Child, in the night's stillness; I watch you sleep, your angelic face reminiscent to the like expressions of infancy. I see you snuggled with your blanket, your small thumb in your mouth - still providing needed security, a contentment and wistfulness from which I feel such closeness.

Child, as you awaken each morning, your cheeks aglow, your eyes dancing with cheerfulness, your butterfly lips so delicately colored: it is like a gentle slap of cool refreshing wind.
Your beautiful.

Child, I love to see you with animals, the gentleness. I love to see you with younger children, and tenderness. I love to see you as you skate past me, the effort. I love to see you win a game, and pride. I love to see you when you don't see me.

Child, to feel your heartaches, to share your dreams, to be an integral part of your life provides all.

Child, you are the calming influence in my life. You banish desperation. You never cease to shed the veils of disillusionment which often binds me prisoner.

Child, I can almost hear you calling. Your voice echoes through my solicitude. That sweet aroma that brings tears to my eyes whenever I hold your pillow close to my face is now encircling the room. It becomes so genuine that I can envision you standing here.

Child, in your youthfullness there prevails a deep and wise understanding. Your seemingly simple logic of life's ordeals somehow always contains the stabilizing rationale of maturity. You're the motivation, the faith, the inspiration - the completeness of reason.

Child, the pleasure you give can only be surpassed by the veritable satisfaction felt in loving you, mettlesome individual.

Child, you hold all the years timeless. You're the past, childhood, the present, hopes and the future, when I'm sitting in the old Bentwood rocker reliving the most ethereal experience of life.

Child, my innermost thoughts belong to you, if not now - someday. For the present, I conceal them within.

Child, my personal capriciousness has reaped many years of happiness and a true and unbridled love for you, such as only can be enjoyed by - Mother.

Sandie A. Waltz

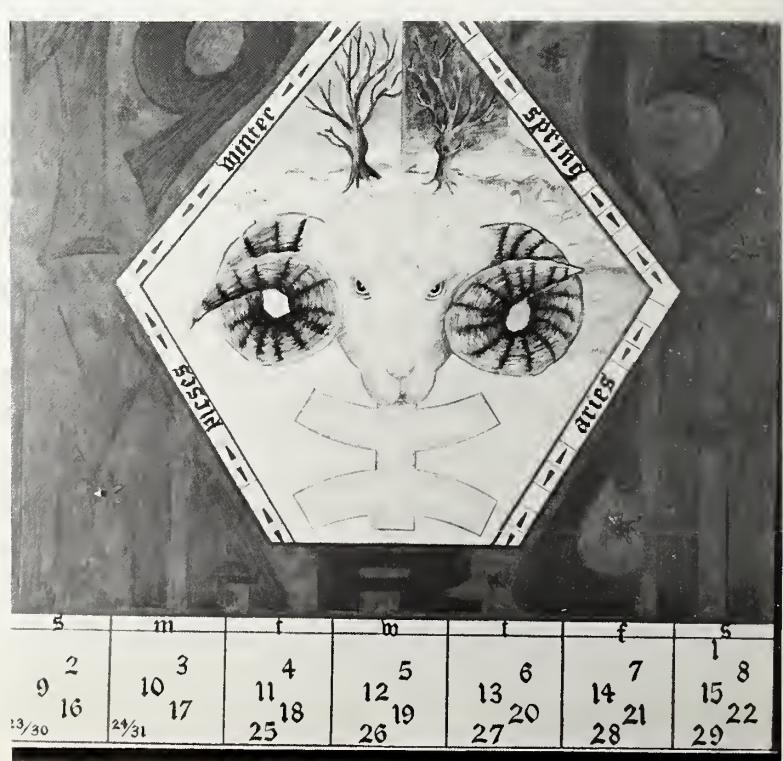


Marianne Chew

Marianne Chew

Sue Grabinski

Sue Grabinski







Sleeping Sea

i sit upon a solid rock
no soul can move my base
i sit and let the wind whip through
letting spray moisten me
the waves—they wear me down a bit
they shape me, chip me, smooth me down
i sit upon a rock all day
to watch the ships drive onto lands
and slowly sink beyond my sight
from my rock i see some gulls
dip down-swoop up-their bellies full
i see the orange ball slowly rise
rays cutting through dawn-colored clouds
and cast a glow along the line
of sky and sea and space — the water just awakening

later yet -
a cloud grows angry
hiding the sun- a grumbling sky
jealousy? unsatisfied?
a stroke of madness- blink on black
a fork, a ball, a spear
the sea roars loud, the waves unfurl
the mighty wickedness of storm

the sea subsides- a fog rolls in
tickling blanket of misty moist
by now the sun has crossed the sky
its golden rays slice the fog
across the way- a wavy ribbon
first of green, of orange, pink, gold
a burst of color- a bow-shaped maypole
(wondering of pots of gold)
the colors wear away

the sun grown heavy with the day
drops gracefully beneath the sea
and the waves sink quietly
no sound-no light
except the stars like blinking eyes
tiny dancing tinkerbells
a man - kind face, always smiling
looks down to watch my rock and me
guarding our sleep upon the sea

Dancer

fresh air
evergreen ground

a dancer floats by
her chiffon ruffles pink
slide and glide
over the landscape

such a delicate performance

foliage and dew brush away
scattered by the force of her talent

eyes in focus
clapping hands to a familiar tune
fir trees begin to rock-a-bye-baby
with the rhythm of the wind's song

gentle, straining fingers
try to touch the lady's magic feet
but each tip just misses
as she slips from side to side

dreams are beginning to come alive
as the tiny group of peasants
try to capture a little sparkle
from the star-struck soil

Lynn Roeper

Spectrum

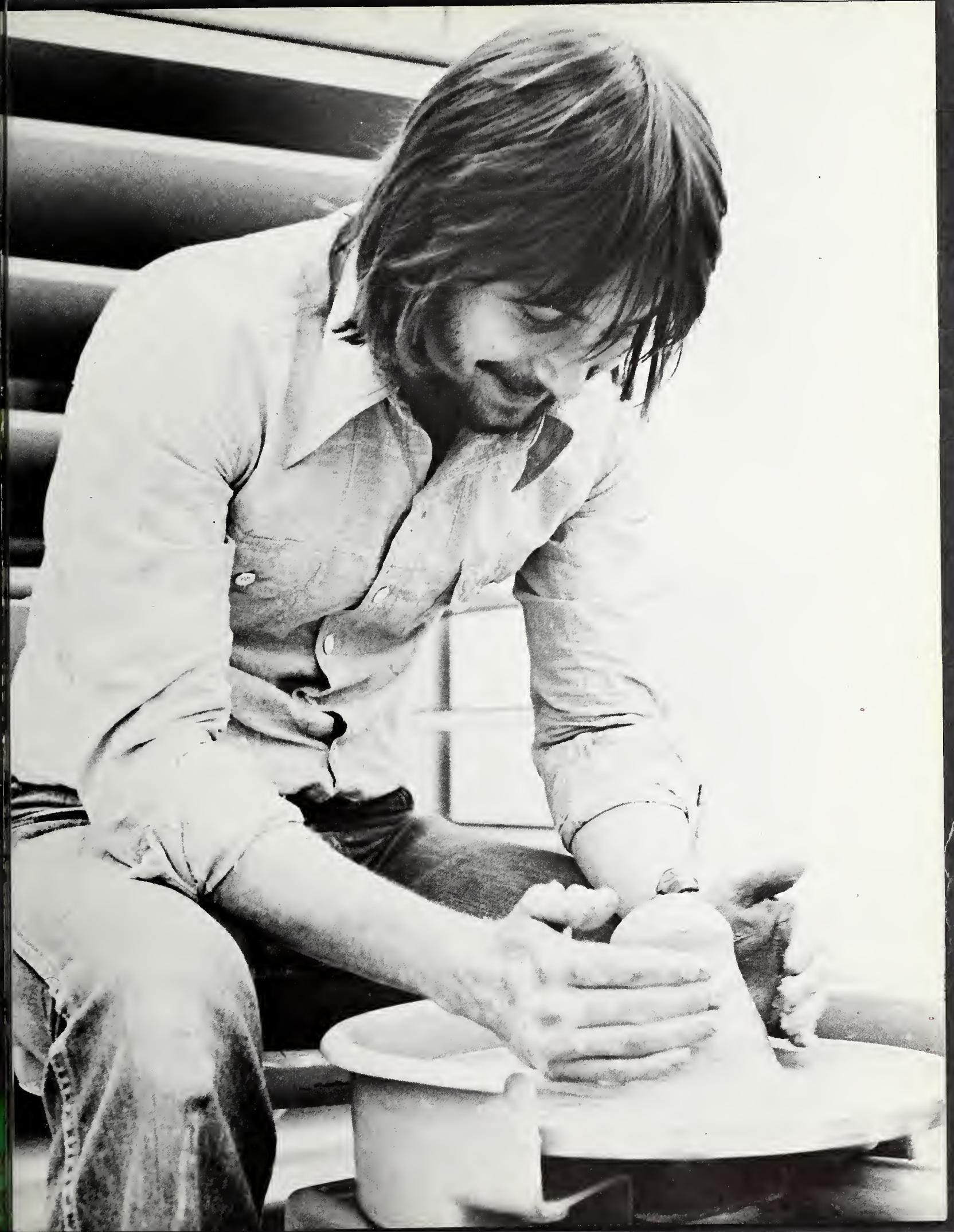
and the sun need not
always be yellow
if i use my mind
the rays light up
many spectrums of shades

oranger than a basketball's skin
redder than the rosiest strawberries
more violet than any teardrop reflection
a blue so true it would never tell on me or you
pinker than a baby's cheeks on a wintry morning
ivory white like a tender snowflake resting on my eyelashes
greener than the fuzzy caterpillar crawling from the workman's boot

and deeper yellow
than a center of a daisy
smelled fresher
in a springtime breeze

Lynn Roeper





Requiescat in Pace

By Eleanore Snow

Ten score years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new language, conceived in chauvinism, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, and that women should keep still about it.

Now we are engaged in a great battle of semantics, testing whether than language, or any language so conceived, and so entrenched, can any longer endure. We are met here on a battlefield of that war—the rhetoric of the written word. We have come to consign a portion of those chauvinistic words to their final resting place, that the language itself might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

We cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow these time-tarnished terms: *Mankind*; *salesman*; *foreman*; *congressman*; *manpower*; *businessman*; *policeman*; *fireman*; and so on, ad infinitum. We cannot tolerate—we cannot promulgate—we cannot condone the use of the arrogant *he* as the sole bisexual singular pronoun in the English language. We cannot—and we will not—permit the patronizing labels of “the little woman,” the “fair sex,” the “distaff side,” or “lady lawyer” (or “poetess” or “authoress”) to be applied to our women. These dying phrases, their inaccuracies and their biases, speak for themselves, far above our poor power to add or detract. It is for us rather to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from this unlamented dead vocabulary we can turn to more reasonable, more sensible speaking and writing.

In our struggle to attain this longed-for goal, it does not behoove us to womanhandle the language in retaliation for the way it has been manhandled in the past. We need not call upon God (wherever She might be), or look to Nietzsche’s Superwoman to aid us. We need no help from a woman president and the First Gentleman of the land. We can rectify this unjust situation without the threats of our TV weatherwoman to blow aside the foggy phraseology with hurricanes Alfred, Bernard, and Clarence. We can use common sense and follow the example of the leading textbook publishers of today.

McGraw-Hill, Scott Foresman, and Richard D. Irwin, among others, have instructed their authors and editors to treat men and women as *people*, not primarily as members of opposite (and competing) sexes. Women and men shall henceforth be treated with respect, dignity, and seriousness, and neither shall be trivialized or stereotyped, either in text or in illustrations.

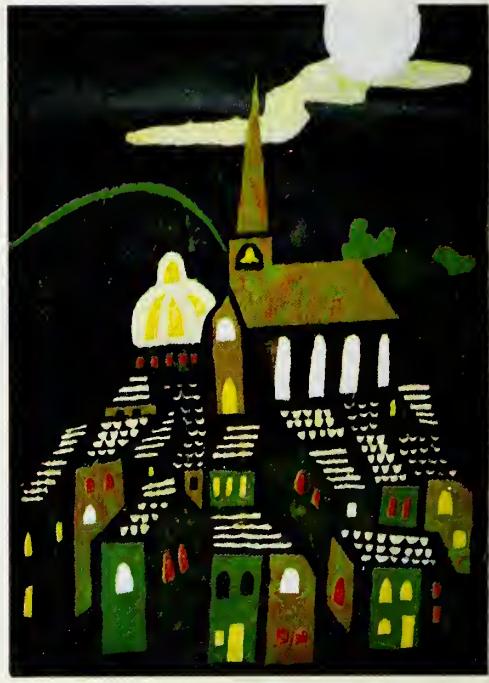
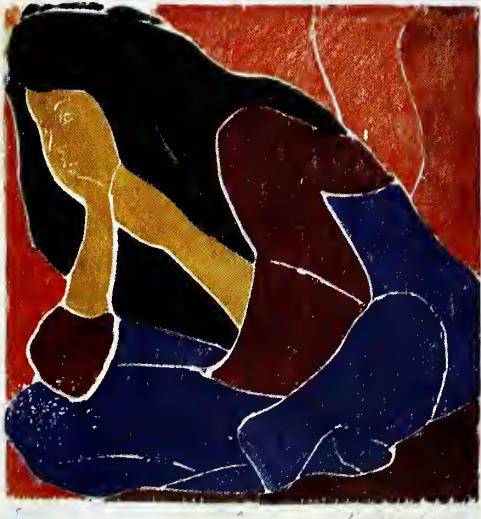
Women are to be called *women*, not the fair sex, the weaker sex, or the distaff side. A woman is a *lawyer*, *poet*, or *author*, not a lady lawyer, poetess, or authoress. The little woman is a *wife*. Parallel language is to be used for women and men in all situations: *ladies* belong with *gentlemen*; and women are *wives* and *mothers* only when men are referred to as *husbands* and *fathers*.

Mankind is *humanity* or *people*; a congressman is a *member of Congress*; manpower is *human power*, *human energy* or *workers*. A businessman is a *business executive* or *business manager*. Policemen and firemen are *police officers* and *firefighters*. Best of all, that bisexual singular pronoun (and others like it) will be avoided whenever possible: “The average American drinks his coffee black” will be reworded to “The average American drinks black coffee.”

The textbook publishers go into great detail with literate, rational, and logical suggestions for eliminating sexist bias from our language and our attitudes. The generations of children who will be exposed to the new literature and the new thinking, free of stereotypes and sexist bias, will see opportunities and fullness of life undreamed of by their tradition-locked elders.

We, too, are dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these tired, worn phrases we heretofore used unthinkingly, we take increased devotion to that cause for which they succumbed—that we here highly resolve that these dead words shall not have died in vain; that this nation shall have a new birth of freedom of speech; and that this language of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the American way of life.





Mark Miller
Mojeski
Sharon Koprowski

Mark Miller
Della-Rose

P. Sckosky
Becky Denham
Pat Sekowsky



Where I Wander

As if in the approaches of Satan, I know not how to fight you.
I have no desire to join you. I see only the void faces of
people hiding under cloaks of hypocrisy.

Within the throes of oppression, the sweet feeling of revenge
dances before me as a comrade awaiting his orders.

Is it that the hangman awaits without? My poor pitieous soul,
you've condemned yourself. Only you can undo this conviction.

As if in a dream, you are my days, my nights. In some shapeless
form within my mind you dwell. Be it either dormant or compelling,
you remain.

Are you worth all this thought?

After tasting the elixir of experience, you find a panacea for
heartbreak and sadness.

Emergence from the past, therein lies the future.

Like the sea, do you not feel the tide changing? Upon the
wave of thought and flow of action, do you not see the
consequence of this moment?

A venture into cloudland, where dreams are imagined that are
meant to last a lifetime. For these visions we live, not in
spite of them.

A stroll into the kingdom of meditation as my mind, my heart,
cry out in unison: I am broken, so be it. Despair now
resides; a humble seat for a long reign.

A step up onto the scale for living and discovery - for every
ounce of happiness there is a pound of sorrow, yet so many
others have suffered more than I. How can one measure this?

A gaze into a mirror and in its reflection tangibility no
longer exists. The intangible element in oneself can be the
glow or the deadening dark of the soul. The abstract becomes
reality.

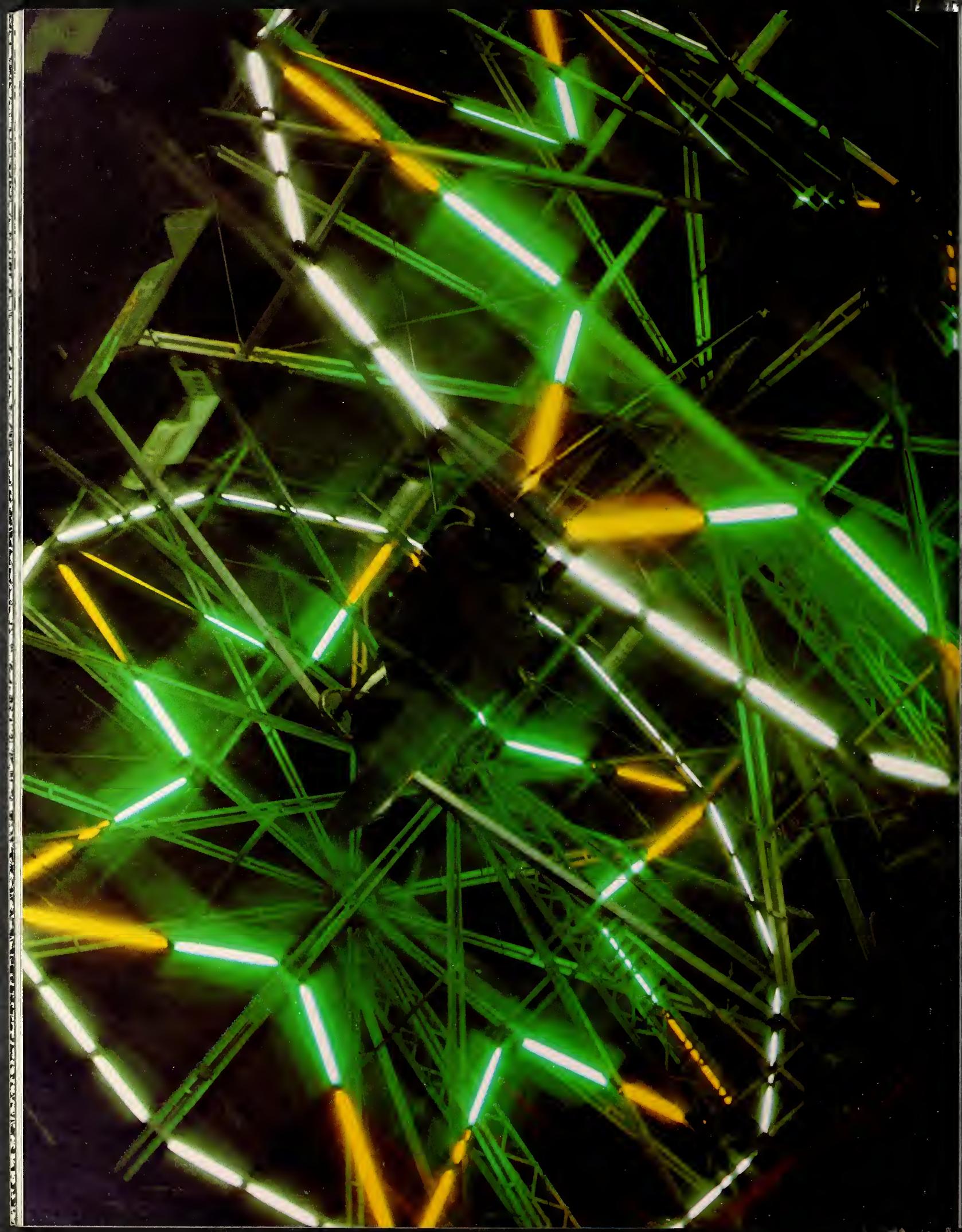
To walk amongst the greenery of spring; to find that solid
plot of ground whereon we can plant ourselves and grow.
Love must be cultivated. Too many gardens have been
uprooted already.

From the volcanic eruption of love there comes strength
unlike any other; its flame kindled from within spreading
its warmth outward.

To find the perfect sanctuary within oneself: can it be like
heaven? We will meet again upon that common ground where
all was written and softly spoken of before.

As if in free fall infinity, where I wander has been within
the complexity of those years past.







Sandy Scott



Steve Frisk

Photograph by
Scott D. Munro

A Day At Work

By Kevin McQuade

The year is 1996. I am on my way to work, preparing myself for the daily grind at The South Holland Institute of Technology. It is my fifth year on the assembly line at the test tube baby factory. Although having sex naturally is still very popular, laws have been changed to enforce the practice of test tube conception. It is the only way to achieve zero-population growth.

My job is simple. I punch in at nine in the morning, and I leave at five in the afternoon. I transport the Test Tube babies by the case, from the Conception Room, to the Career Sections. In the Conception Room, the potent sperm cell fertilizes the egg. Life is sustained in the test tube, and the baby is born, raised and taught in its designated Career Section.

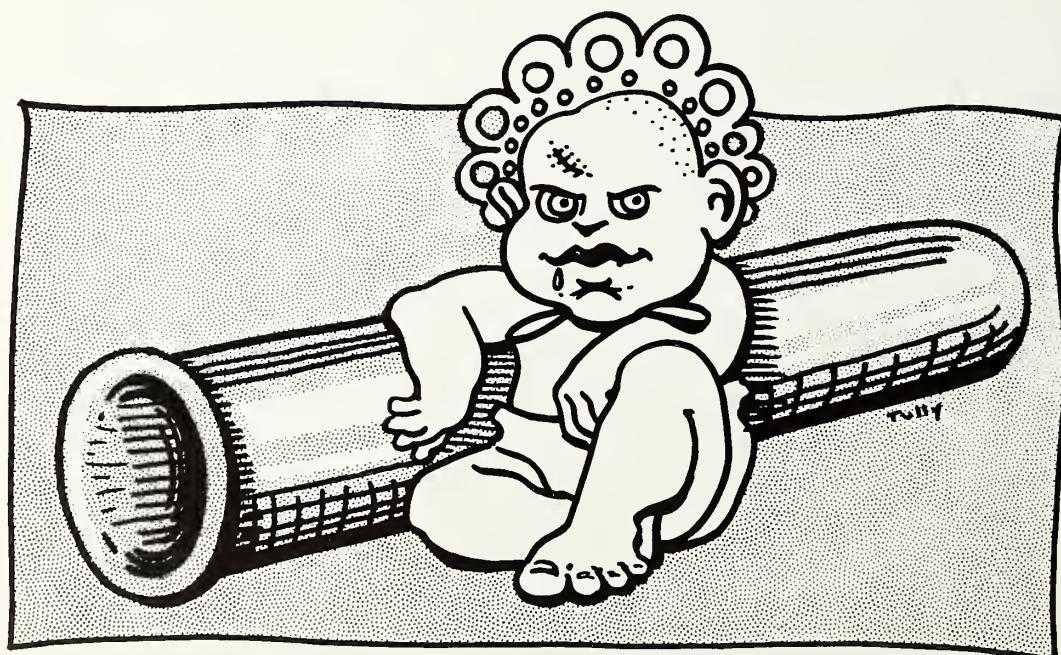
Nothing very exciting happens at work. I pick up a case of babies, carry them to a Career Section, and drop them off with a nurse. Then, I return to the Conception Room and go over the same routine. The only difficult part about my job is finding the correct Career Sections for the babies. There are so many positions to be filled. They can be athletes, nurses, doctors, garbagemen, anything.

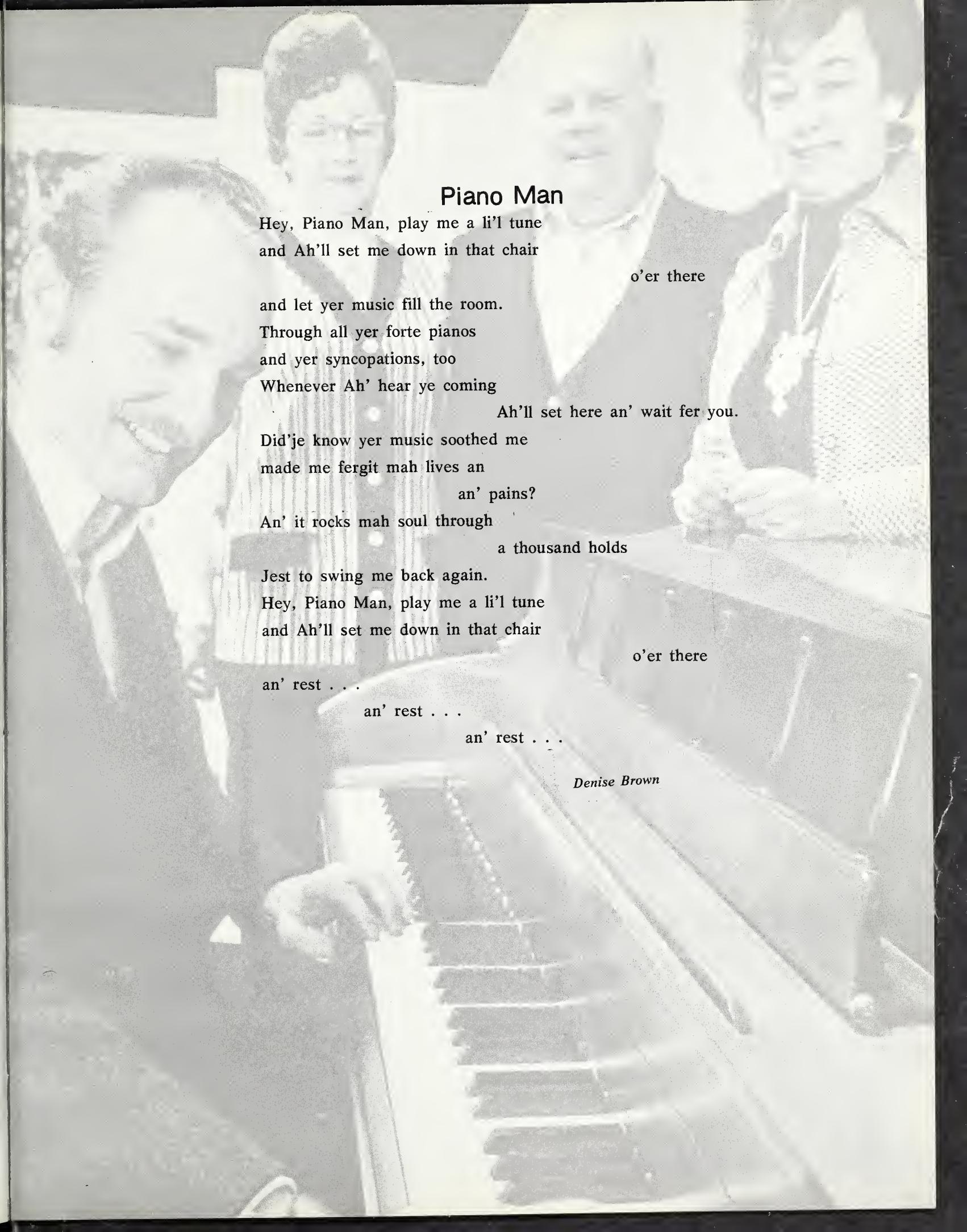
Today was different from any other day. While making my sixth trip to a Career Section, janitors, I think, I tripped and fell. The case of babies went flying from my hands and crashed on the floor. My God, the babies were all bruised and screaming! They all began to crawl out of their tubes, fighting for freedom. They were insane, uncontrollable!

Quickly, I crammed the screaming tots back into their respective tubes and corked them up. I must find a place to put this damaged case before the supervisor discovers my clumsiness, and fires me!

I looked at the sign beside me. It read; Career Section 3A, Politicians. I handed the case to the nurse inside and returned to the Conception Room.

I thought to myself, hell, it's as good a place as any for rejects!





Piano Man

Hey, Piano Man, play me a li'l tune
and Ah'll set me down in that chair

o'er there

and let yer music fill the room.

Through all yer forte pianos
and yer syncopations, too
Whenever Ah' hear ye coming

Ah'll set here an' wait fer you.

Did'je know yer music soothed me
made me fergit mah lives an

an' pains?

An' it rocks mah soul through

a thousand holds

Jest to swing me back again.

Hey, Piano Man, play me a li'l tune
and Ah'll set me down in that chair

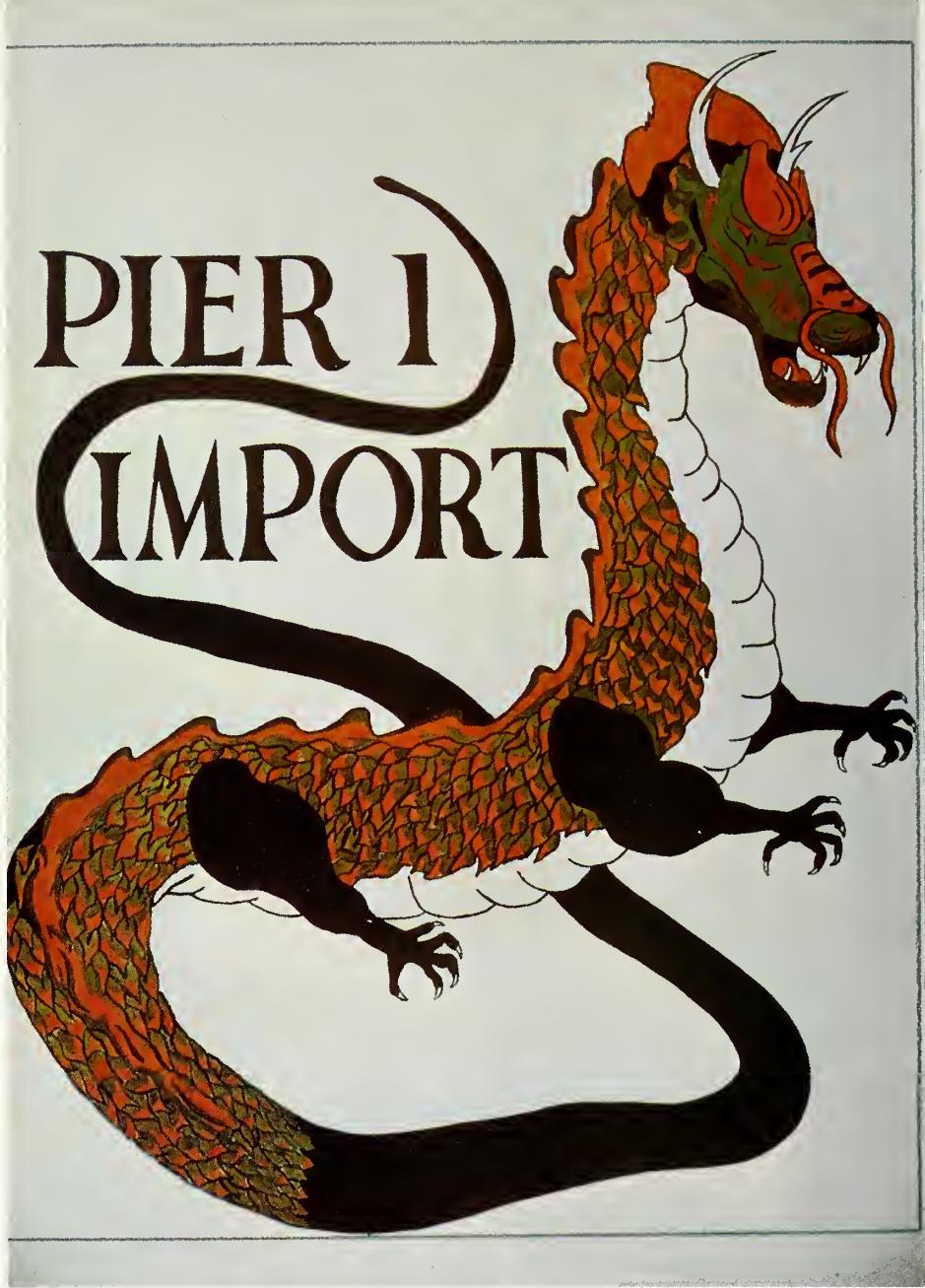
o'er there

an' rest . . .

an' rest . . .

an' rest . . .

Denise Brown



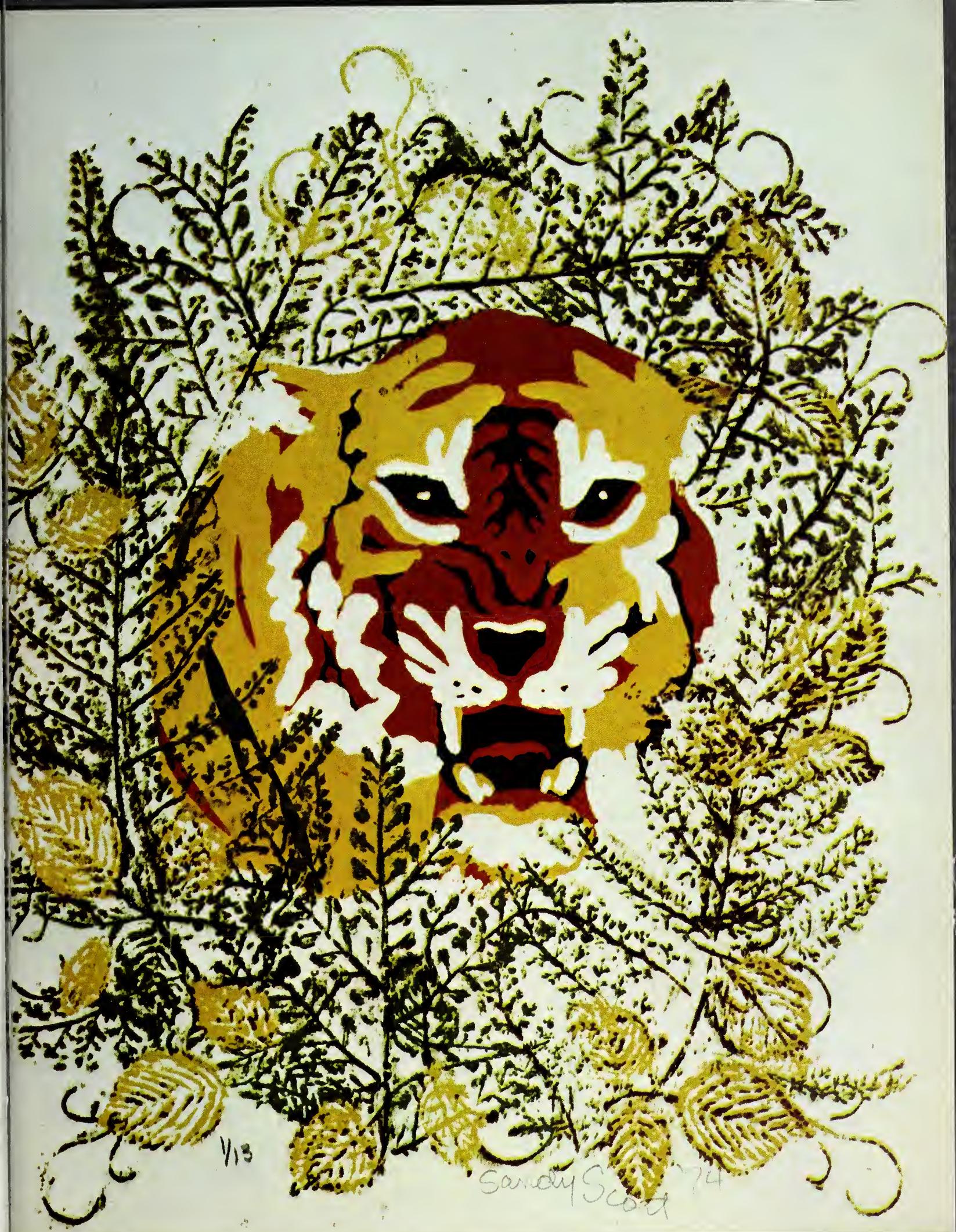
W. Evans



Sandy Scott

Bob Chamberlain





1/13

Sandy Scott '74

Ode to a '65 Chevy

Here lies my old, dear friend
I have known for many years.
No more will I ever see her.
It leaves me in tears.

She was a good old car,
Almost ten years old.
She had a good life,
Until she met that road.

That was her downfall.
There was nothing I could do.
When she hit those terrible holes,
I knew that she was through.

That was the very last day,
That I saw her alive.
I can never forget,
Her death on Suntone drive.

Randy Erickson

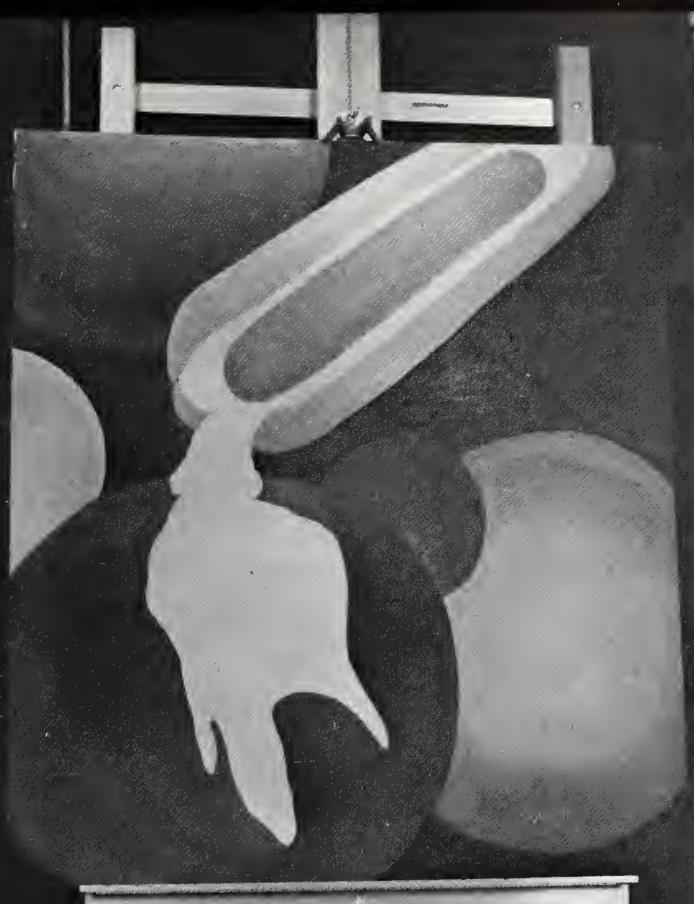
Suntone Drive

Can you see that pot-hole in the middle of the street?
The one with the depth of about six feet?
There were many attempts, but none came back alive
After trying to conquer Suntone Drive.

Many a shock absorber's gone down the drain,
And many a car has been stranded by rain.
This road, I tell you, is a waster of lives,
This road ironically called Suntone Drive.

There's muck, and there's mire, which hardens like tar,
And crushes the life out of you and your car.
Horrors like these are not hard to conceive
Once you've taken a look at Suntone Drive.

John Wagner



Frame of Mind

by Stephen Gordon

Sometimes my father scares me. He can tackle something he knows nothing about, and nine times out of ten, it will come out right. It's pure luck, of course, but try convincing him. "Frame of Mind," he says. Just believe you can do a thing and you'll do it.

"Anything", I ask, "What about brain surgery?"

"Oh, now don't be foolish," my mother says, "something like that takes years of practice."

"Step aside," my father says to me, "you're blocking the screen. How can I see the football game with you blocking the screen?"

"Never mind the screen," I answer, "someday your luck will run out. Then see what your Frame of Mind will do."

Believe me, I am not just trying to be a smart aleck. It so happens that I have actually tried Frame of Mind myself. The first time was the year I went all out to pass the Civics final. I had to go all out, on account of I had not cracked a book all year. I really crammed, and all the time I was cramming I was concentrating on Frame of Mind-Frame of Mind-oh, I need that Frame of Mind! Just believe you can do a thing a thing and—sure I believe. I believed so much that I made the lowest score in the history of Cragin High. Thirty-nine percent.

I said, showing my father the report card, "There is your Frame of Mind for you." He put it on the table without looking at it.

"You have to reach a certain age of understanding," he says, "that's the key to Frame of Mind."

"Oh yeah? What does a guy do in the meantime?"

"Maybe you should study, some kids learn a lot that way."

That was my first experience with Frame of Mind. My latest one was for a promotion at the Rogers' Clothing Store. John O'Connor had more experience and a better sales record. Me? I had Frame of Mind. John O'Connor landed the job. Did this convince my father? Of course it didn't. To convince him, something had to happen—to him, I mean.

Something did happen too. As luck would have it, it happened at the Rogers Clothing Store. My father works there, too. What happened was Mr. Rogers paid good money for a clever Easter window display. It's all set up and we're about to draw the curtains when we discover the display lights won't work. Mr. Rogers looks like he is going to have a nervous breakdown. He's probably thinking of all the customers that could walk past his store in the time it takes to round up an electrician. This is when my father comes on the scene.

"Is something wrong?" he asks.

"Oh hello, Tom," Mr. Rogers says. He calls my father Tom. Me, Joe Murphy, one of his best salesmen, he hardly knows. My father, a stock clerk, he calls Tom.

"These darned lights won't work," says Mr. Rogers.

"H'mm, I see," my father says, "maybe I can help." From inside his pocket comes a screwdriver. Mr. Rogers looks at him and asks "Can you fix it?"

"No, he can't," I butt in.

"Young man, did you say something?"

"You think he's Thomas Edison or something?"

"Young man, I was addressing your father," Mr. Rogers says, giving me a cold hard look. "When I want sarcastic comments, I'll ask for them."

"That's right, Joe," chimes Father, my own flesh and blood, "mind your manners."

He turns and steps carefully around a manikin. He spies an electrical duct-opening and starts to insert the screwdriver—"Don't touch that," I yell, "you'll be electrocuted!"

My father touches it. He is still alive. The display lights go on. Mr. Rogers stops getting red in the face. He smiles. That evening, my father explains Murphy's Principle of Frame of Mind as applied to display lighting . . .

"Baloney," I object, "that has nothing to do with it."

"Step aside, you're blocking the screen."

. . . What happened next was that the big safe in Mr. Rogers' office got jammed shut with all of our paychecks in it. This was just before a weekend, the end of the month. "All is lost," I moan to myself. From nowhere comes my father. "Is something wrong," he asks? Suddenly, I get the feeling I've lived through this moment before.

"It's this darned safe, Tom. It won't open," says Mr. Rogers.

"Maybe I can be of service," says my father.

"Can you fix it, Tom?" says Mr. Rogers.

I start to say he can't, but I stop myself. I have had enough of Mr. Rogers' cold hard looks. If my father wants to look like a clown, that's his business. "Mr. Rogers, what is the combination to this safe?" my father asks. Mr. Rogers whispers the combination to my father—Oh wow! It must be top secret. Armed with the combination, he starts twirling the knob. I think to myself: "Watch that safe door spring open—that old Murphy luck. We wait and nothing happens. "Aha, now you've done it," I think to myself.

"The tumblers are jammed, the internal pin is unbalanced," says Father. As you can see, my father knows nothing about office safes.

"Call the manufacturer," Mr. Rogers orders.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Rogers, I'm not finished yet." Already he is concentrating on the safe again, but this time it's a real production. First he rolls up his sleeves. Then he rubs the tips of his fingers on his shirt front, no doubt to make them more sensitive. He begins twirling the knob, very slowly. And talk about a ham . . . he even puts his ear to the safe door, to catch the telltale click of the tumblers. I look around the room to see who is laughing—not one person, nobody. "Oh, wow," I mutter, "What suspense." I look again. Still no one is laughing at my father. They actually think he is going to open that safe.

It's fantastic, grown men and women standing, almost hypnotized, expecting that safe door to open. And while they stand there—the safe door opens.

That evening, my father and I are watching television. That is, he is watching television. Me? I'm just letting different thoughts float through my head. Finally, my father speaks, "Go ahead, say it, get it over with."

"Say what?"

"Say it was luck, my opening the safe today."

"Okay, I'll say it—maybe it was luck. But maybe it was something else too."

Then I tell him what I saw in the faces of those people in Mr. Rogers' office today. To describe it, I used words like confidence, trust, and respect. That's the key to Frame of Mind, I conclude. It won't help a high school kid make up for a year of loafing, and it won't get a guy promoted over someone who deserves it more. The key to Frame of Mind is you have to use it to help others, like you do. Otherwise it will not work. My father just stares at me. I suspect he is thinking that maybe I have reached a certain age of understanding. However, this is not what he says.

"Step aside," is what he says. "How can I see the football game with you blocking the screen?"



Quivering, Trembling Echo

(Vincent van Gogh, 1853-1890)

My Vincent is a quivering
heartbeat, poised
inside small thoughts
and hallucinations.

The fragile eggshell of his soul
brittle (to the meanings
of love, merely
abstractions) in the
rippling of his fingers—the
singsung
colors of
explosions.

Vincent is a scarlet thunderclap,
tawny in grey feathers,
perceived in deep visions
beyond our groupings.

(Poor) Vincent is a nightly shadow
concealed in cloaks—
spilling red
(ashes to
ashes) . . .

My Vincent is a
trembling echo.

*Mary Talaga
Creative Writing 122*



What You Want It (To Be)

In the dark and forbidding resources of your mind
trips a black and menancing
fiber of the night;
and the vastness of that evening
still lingers in the shadows of permission.

In the torturous and echoing
chambers of your brain,
screams a dark and bloodthirsty
detail of the night;
and the spine-tingle of that evening
still cowers in the corners of yesterday.

Mary Talaga
Creative Writing 122



P. J. Zutten



Anger

I came home very angry one dark, stormy night,
And was taken aback by a terrible sight—
'Twas a face, distraught as a face could be,
With an icy glare directed at me.
Its eyes were burning with the fires of hell,
And its mouth was deeper than any known well,
With teeth that resembled spikes made of steel
Which could easily snap the strongest ship's keel.
Its nose was the perch of the devil's own soul,
And each of its ears was a bottomless hole.
I rubbed my eyes and stepped back, to force it away,
But still it remained, still determined to stay.
Then I flipped on the light, which doubled my horror,
For there on the wall hung my old shaving mirror.

AD-END

John Wagner

A Lesson In Economics

What we really need are pills
To take before we pay our bills.
The gas, the lights and the phone—
It's enough to make a grown man groan.

Modern society requires
We do not drive on balding tires.
Acquisition is the current norm
Will the postman bring our income tax form?

Mornings I greet dull faces
Both the kids must have braces.
Food prices continue to soar,
About my salary—I need more.

The price of sugar went sky high
That's okay, we just don't buy.
Coffee now costs double,
My budget is in really big trouble.

Everyone I talk to states
The state of the Union isn't so great.
Americans can now own gold—
My 9% mortgage is one year old.

Statistics say that inflation
Is just a temporary situation.
They may be right, but good Lord—
Buy a Chevy, not a Ford.

*Kenneth J. McFarland
Creative Writing 122*

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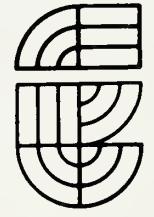
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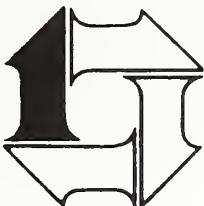
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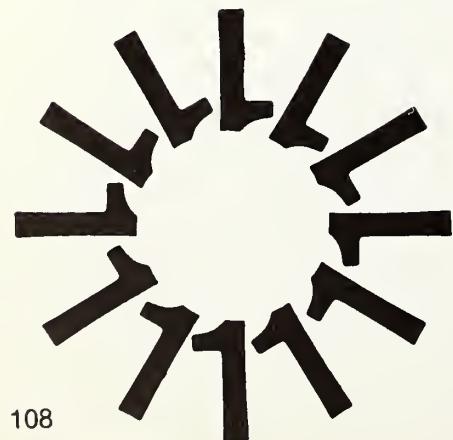
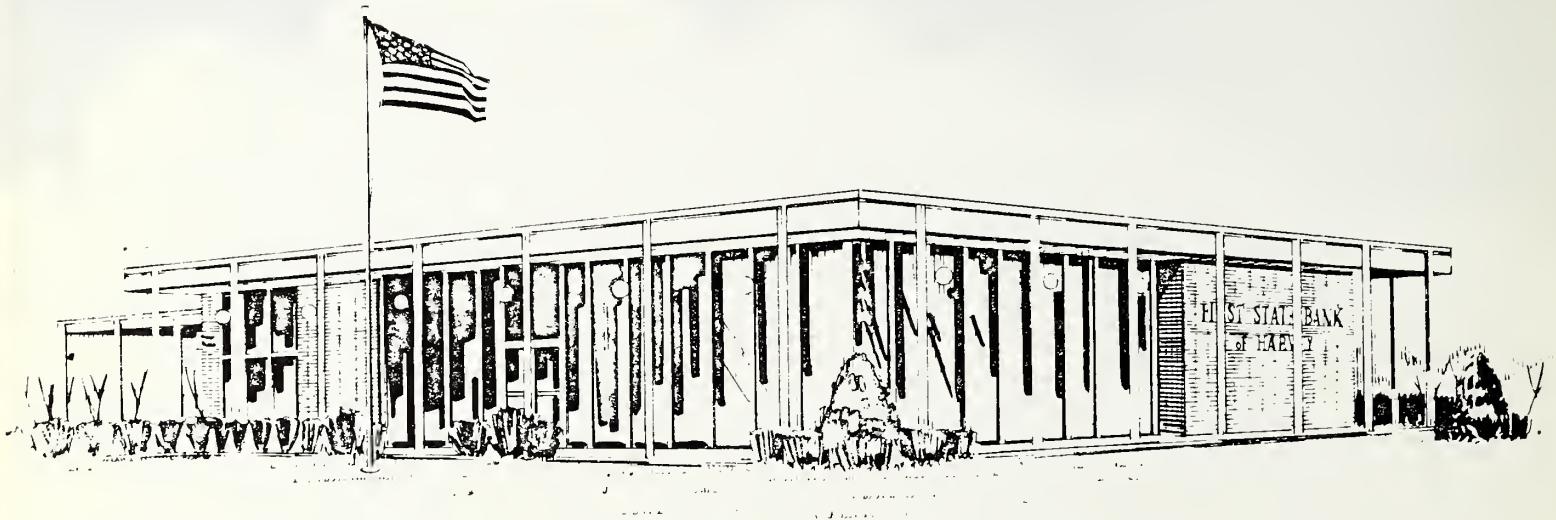
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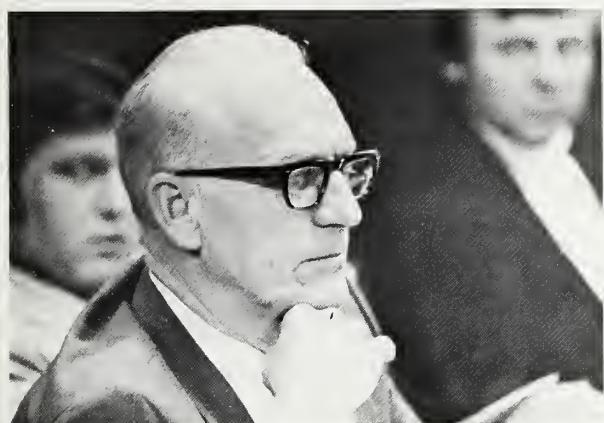
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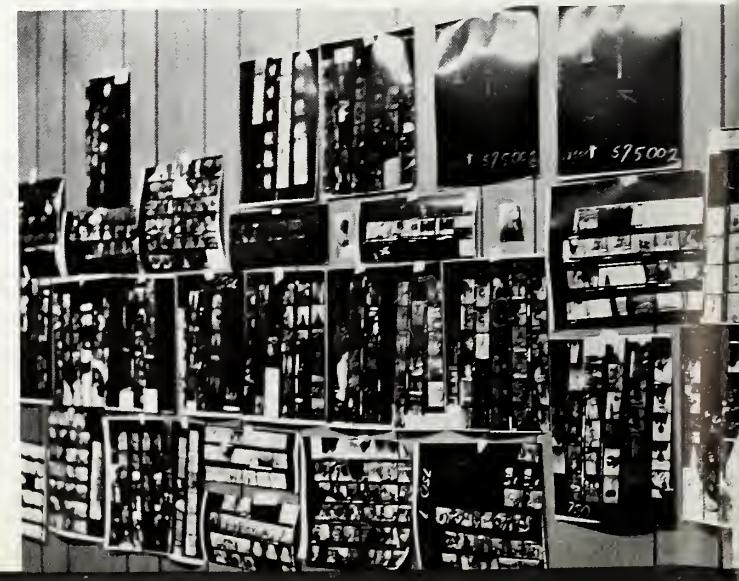
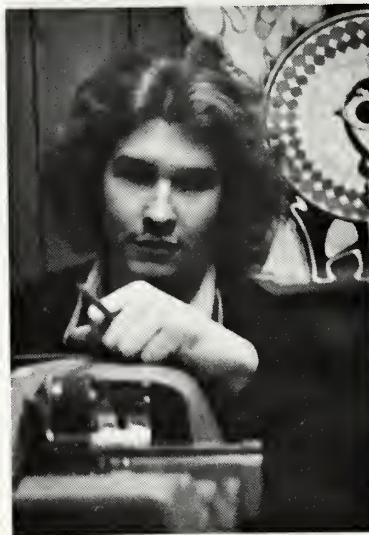
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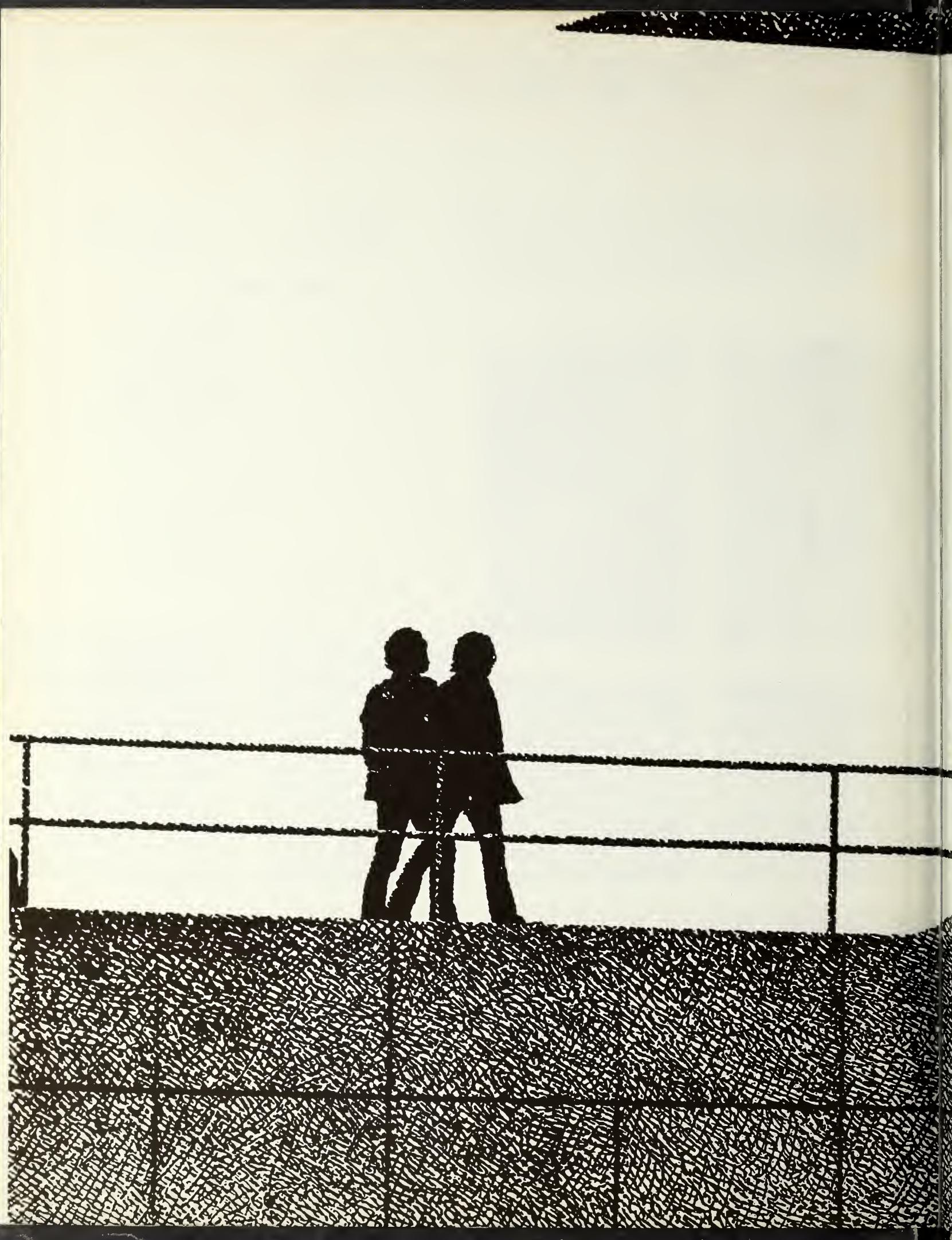
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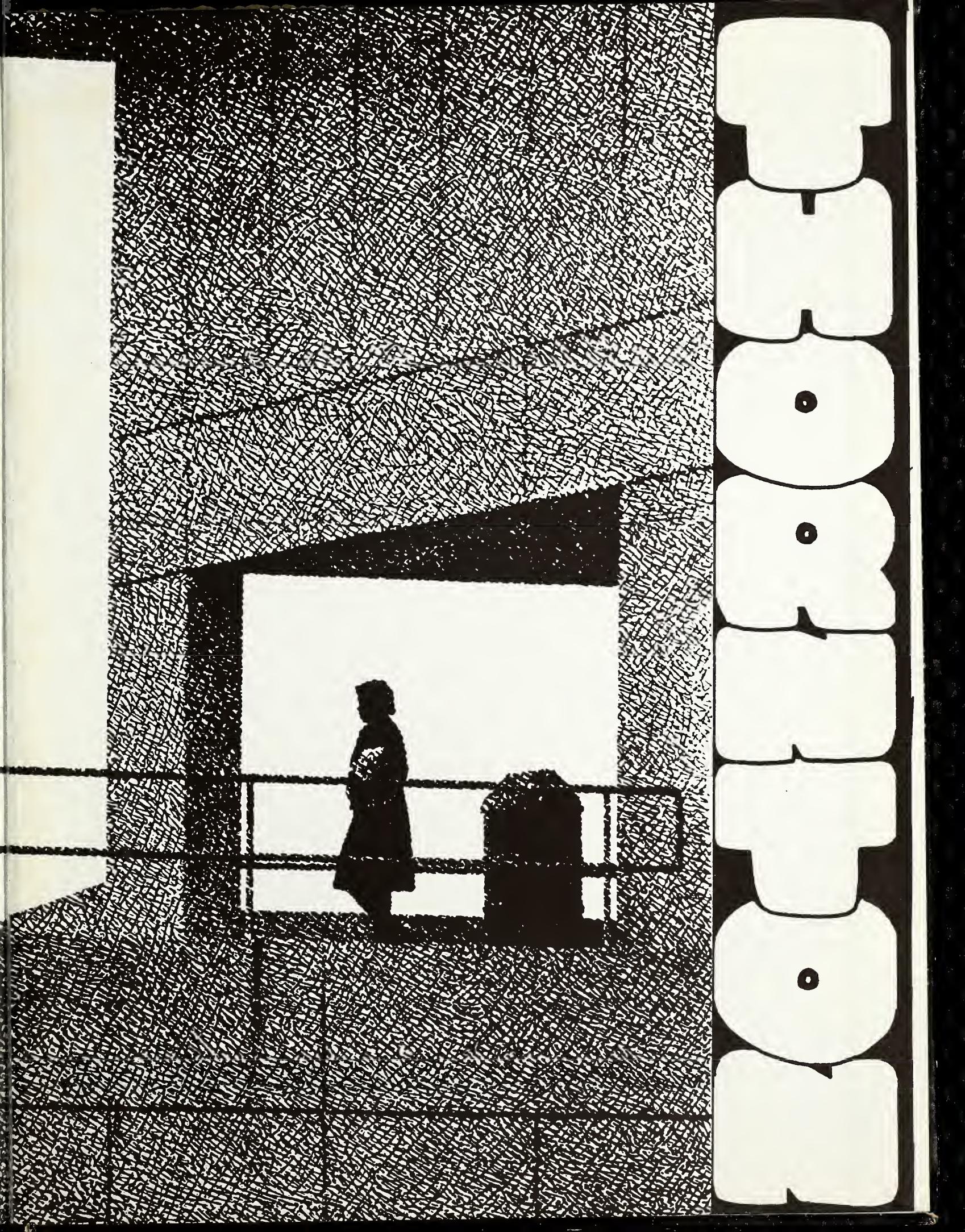
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